

TIMOTHY LEARY SURFING THE CONSCIOUS NETS

A GRAPHIC NOVEL BY HUCK GETTY MELLON
VON SCHLEBRUGGE



To Chris...

great pal, wise
retinal teacher

Thanks --

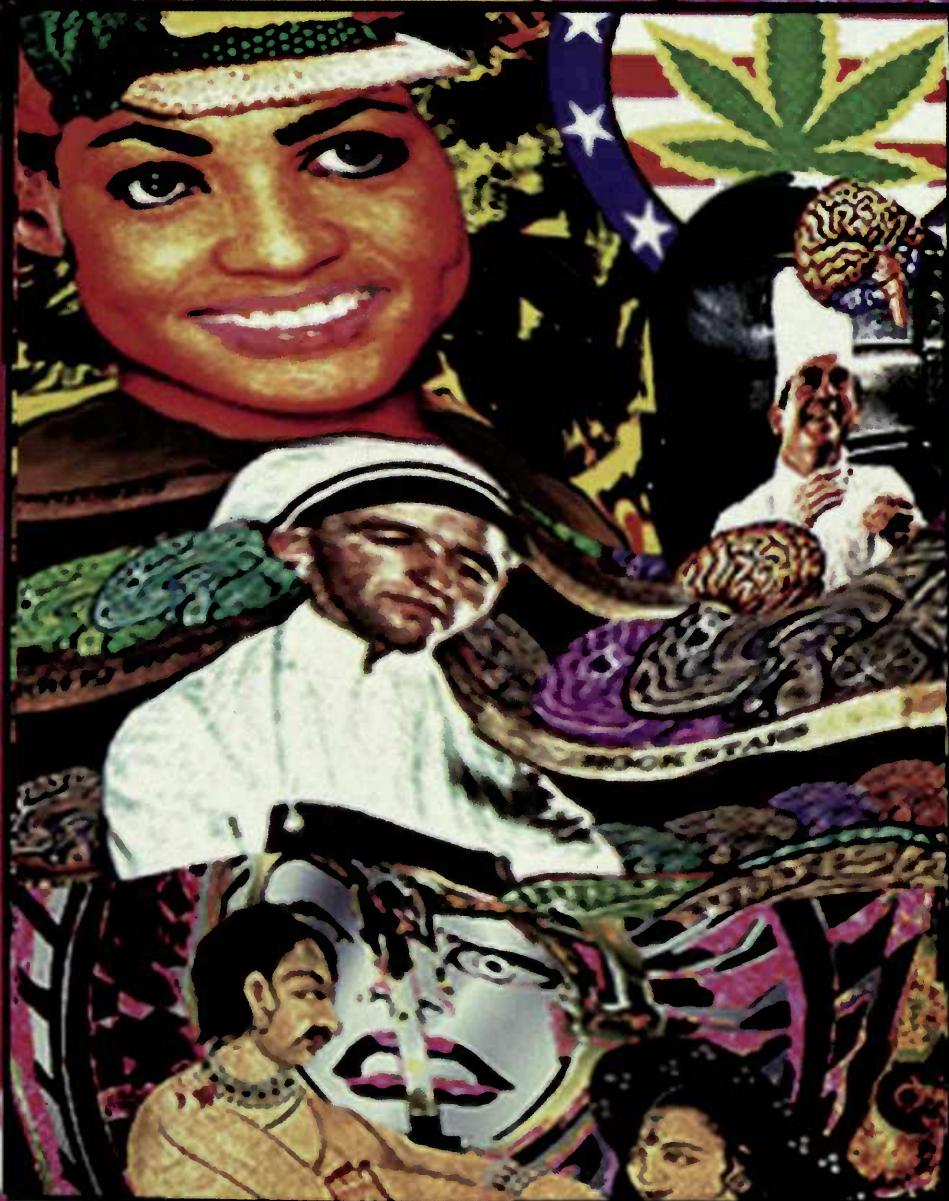
Paul G. Kay

11-3-95

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Publisher's Acknowledgements: In addition to the credits page, I must single out Robert Williams for his amazing graphics and paintings that adorn some of these pages and help the reader envision Tim Leary's seminal first fiction. Also, Happy Older for her keen mind and eyes on the manuscript that allowed the project to proceed. And special thanks to Text Editor and Mac maven Lisa Rein whose knowledge and advice has been put to the test and has passed with flying colors, and of course to Dr. Tim Leary for sharing yet another part of his endlessly quick, exceptional and humorous vision.

—Ronald E. Turner, Publisher



Surfing the Consciousness Net: Book I My Lonesome Quest for the Reliably Male Aphrodine:
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Surfing the Consciousness Net

ISBN 086719-410-3

Library of Congress Catalog Number

First Printing September 1995

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

WE DEDICATE THIS
GRAPHIC NOVEL TO:

SUSAN
SARANDON

RICHARD
ALPERT

RON
TURNER

ROBERT
WILLIAMS

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BOOK I

MY LONELY QUEST
FOR
THE RELIABLE MALE
AFRODISIAC

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Timothy Leary can be reached at <http://leary.com>
The Last Gasp Catalog can be browsed at http://www.woof.com/last_gasp.html



FILE 1

PRETTY? BUSY? ME!

login: HUCK GETTY

password: Brain

Welcome, HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

Last login was 6/6/99



YOU HAVE MAIL

Last mail check 6/4/99.

You have 7 messages in your box.

MSG#	SENDER	SUBJECT
01	Ron Turner	Good God, it's ready!
02	Barbara Leary	How about my Author Credit?
03	Susan Sarandon	Huck, Dear. Medication time?
04	Robert Williams	Comic Novel? Wonderful!
05	Jim Bauer	What Happened to Dani Mellon?
06	Tanya Roberts	I'm not Perfect. But I'm perfect for U
07	Momoko Ito	Oh Huck! You are so Funny, but I worry about you.
08	Richard Alpert	You're Pretty busy, Huck!

Going to bulletin board...

Read new messages?: Y

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FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY BUSY, HUCK

WHAT ABOUT THIS REPORT THAT YOU DESTROYED VALUABLE EQUIPMENT AT THE MALE POTENCY CLINIC, ATTEMPTED TO STEAL A BOTTLE OF YOHIMBINE, AND CAUSED A PUBLIC DISTURBANCE. SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY BUSY, HUCK.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: RICHARD ALPERT
SUBJ: RE: BEEN IN DEEP...

So Herr Doctor Alpert, Ph D, you sarcastically deprecate my science research activities with the Pseudo-Hip Yuppie cliche, "Yot's happening."

Well, I'm happening, my good Doctor!

To be specific? Well, for start-ups, I have, once again,, been forcibly kidnapped and imprisoned in Nancy Reagan's Maximum Security (!) Fun Farm NR-MS-FF.

Why? Because I exposed this Soul Slicing Conspiracy. And frankly, it's a good thing that I am locked down. Hey, I don't know what I might do if they let me loose among those defective Peter-Meters and Brain-Bankers.

And now, you invade, you violate, you blatantly abuse my screen, Doctor Ricky Dick Alpert, with patronizing comments that I've been

PRETTY! BUSY!

Those are two pitiful, impotent, limp-o, dangling particles to describe my valiant attempts to confront, expose, and escape this network of pseudo-medical cat's foot, iron claw neurosurgeons, hormone poisoners, soul-slicers, penis-electrocutioners screaming for more.



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Barbara Fouch Roseboro can tell you.

I am NOT erroneously paranoid!

John Roseboro can tell you. What a reference! There are only three people who know more about baseball than John Roseboro.

Roy Campanella, the Catcher.

God, Center Fielder and Designated Hitter

The Blessed Mother Virgin Mary (never scored on!)

There really were wire taps on my phone connected somehow to the electrodes on my penis (Willy, Prick, Dick) which rippled every time the phone rang while me and my lover were... "pretty busy," to coin a poetic phrase.

And I did not (!) destroy the penile blood-flow meter.

Yes. Obviously my sudden, unexpected convulsive erection-orgasm (etc!) pulled out the wires. Of course! No surprise!

And yes, the ejaculated body fluid (sperm) did short-out the appliance. A cigarette that bares a lipstick's traces.

So! Is not that short-out the fault of the incompetent designers of the equipment?

1. A Peter Meter which is not sperm-proof!

2. They didn't give me rubber gloves, for example.

3. A fucking rubber condom could have had that charge deleted from my criminal record.

So the logical question confronts us: did not these self-described government scientists at the Southern California Impotency Clinic, the self-appointed experts on male potency, anticipate what would happen when you electrically wire up a penis?

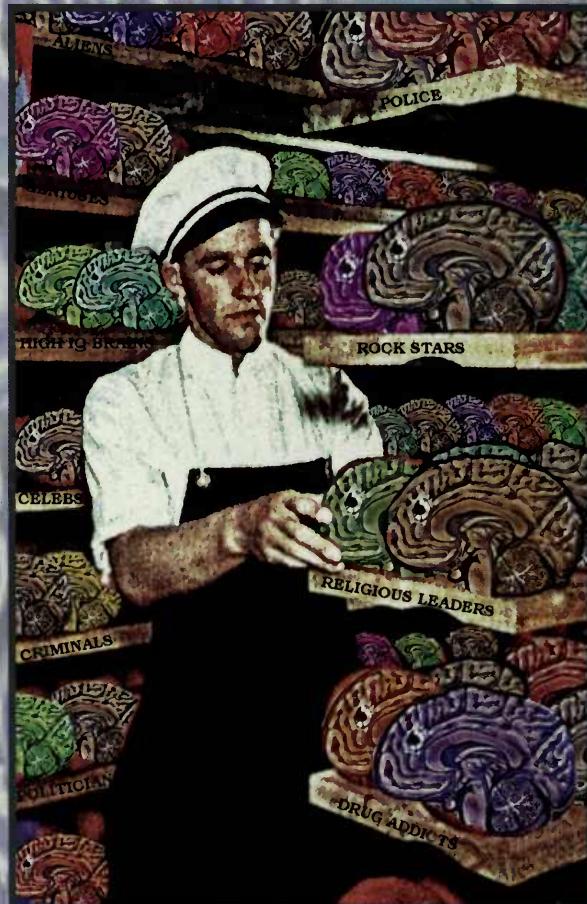
Oh! I begged them, begged them to forget the Penile Blood Meter and just give me the Yohimbine erection pills.



Which they barefaced deny even exists!

So, here I sit in a narrow hospital bed, caressing this sexy **Canon Note Jet III 986C**
Bubble-Jet Lap-Top computer, wondering.

Yes, wondering why four floors below me, this man, Dr. Sidney Cohen, with 40 freezers full of frozen human souls and cerebrospinal fluid (soul juice), is spreading alarmist rumors about a so-called national Brain Shortage.



FILE 2

MY LONELY QUEST FOR THE MALE AFRODISIAC



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON YON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: RECAP PLEASE

RICHARD ALPERT ALCOR BULLETIN BOARD.

HUCK, PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO ORIENT NEW SUBSCRIBERS TO CONSCIOUS NET WHO ARE NOT MEMBERS OF THE ALCOR CRYONIC FOUNDATION. SO PLEASE START AT THE BEGINNING



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON YON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: THE BEGINNING

The beginning?

Okay.

My lonely hero scientific quest for the male afrodisiac started when I began comparing the rather routine existence of my own inner-city, Mo-Town family with the heroic adventures I had read about in books.

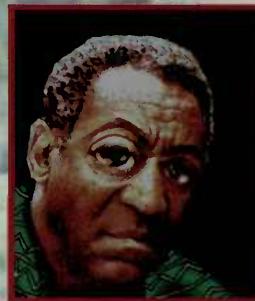
I concluded that the well-lived life would necessarily involve quests. You know, Holy Grail adventures toward the fabled goal of saving my race—Human, African, and otherwise, present company included.

During these younger years, I dreamed of becoming:

a Black Warrior like Paul Robeson,
a Black Freedom-Fighter like Kathleen Cleaver,
a Black Rapper like Grand Master Flash,
a Black Actress like Pam Grier,
a Black Singer like Ru Paul,
a Pioneer like Jackie Robinson,
or George Washington Carver,
or a Wise Sage like **Bill Cosby**,
or a Writer like Alice Walker,
or like Booker T. Washington,

the first American person of color to have lunch in the White House.

Then, during adolescence, a new noble challenge emerged.



S.E.X.





I'm not talkin about this fancy stuff Jim Bauer writes about—Willies, Bungholes, Cocks, Pricks, Dicks, arm-pits, stuck up novelty-navels.

Hey, I'm not talkin about the erotic fantasies described by dozens of insane Afro-American science fiction writers like James Baldwin and yours truly, about silver-plated, neon-eyed WoMen with 46 tits who eat our brains and suck our Pussies, Cocks, Willies, Cunts, Peters, and Pricks, as the case may be, thus acquiring knowledge.

No, I'm talking here about normal teen-age lust ... frustrating, tantalizing, paradoxical.

Sex was obviously important to any normal, happy, bi-sexual, penis-equipped young thang!

Problema 1! I had little control over my erections.

Oh dear. Apparently, many other males (hetero, bi, homo, black, white, brown, polka-dot, switch-hitters, sluts, bitches, you name the gender) shared this same bio-sexual inefficiency.

My problem is this Deficit-Disorder Blood Supply Imprecision (DD-BSI), as listed in the Diagnostic Statistical Manual of Mental-Disorders (DSM-MD for Blue Cross & Medicare billing).

Problema 2! The arousals (hard-ons) came when I couldn't use them.

These daze it seems No Body wants to face fax about this terrible embarrassment of the unexpected arousal in Complex-Gender-Charged-Social-Sexual-Interactions-Deficit (C-GC-SSI-D).

This ridiculous inability to get up and walk across the room because of that impudent Marilyn M. himself acting up/down there.



FILE 3

SOME SKULLDUGGERY AT THE "BRAIN" BANK?



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

TO: ALL

SUBJ: BRAINS AND THE SOUL

I seriously wonder why I am babbling about my Willy-Dickeroni this way when in the very basement of this hospital, the infamous Dr. Sidney Cohen is sending out his siren appeals for normal brains, or as we now call them "souls."

How do I know? Well, during lunch this afternoon I borrowed the white-coat and stethoscope of the Ward Physician, took the Staff

Elevator down to Dr. Sidney Cohen's laboratory, and introduced myself as Dr. Bob Groves of the U.C.L.A. Neuro-Psychology Department.



Amazing what a stethoscope dangling visibly from a pocket can do. These people are easily intimidated by a beautiful African American with Diana Ross eyes in a white coat! An Armani tailored suit does the job well too, I have discovered.

Anyway, Dr. Cohen proceeds to confess everything to me. Fuckin' spills his guts, kidneys, bladder, glove compartment, and brains to me.



No shit.

Dr. Cohen tells me, "Our brain bank is in pretty good shape now, but there are certain brains we absolutely have to get our hands on."

Cohen, 64, as you well know, is the Founder and Chief of the Federal Neurological Reserve Bank.

The Brain Bank, as it is familiarly called, informally receives about 150 brains (or as science now calls them, "souls") a year, and 75 percent of them are obtained through the Bank's voluntary Gift of Love Tissue Donor Program.

Now if you're not bored...stay tuned!

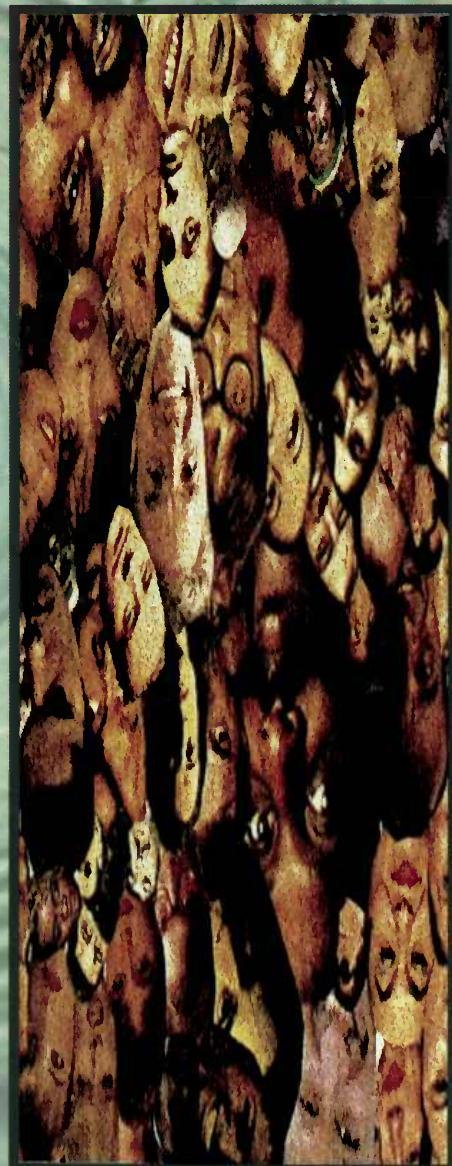
Listen.

The souls that Cohen and his partner in crime, Dr. Ron Segal, are particularly eager to get their white rubber hands on are so-called "normal brains."

Why normal brains? They serve as control specimens for research on brain diseases. The souls of humans of superior intelligence are also much prized!

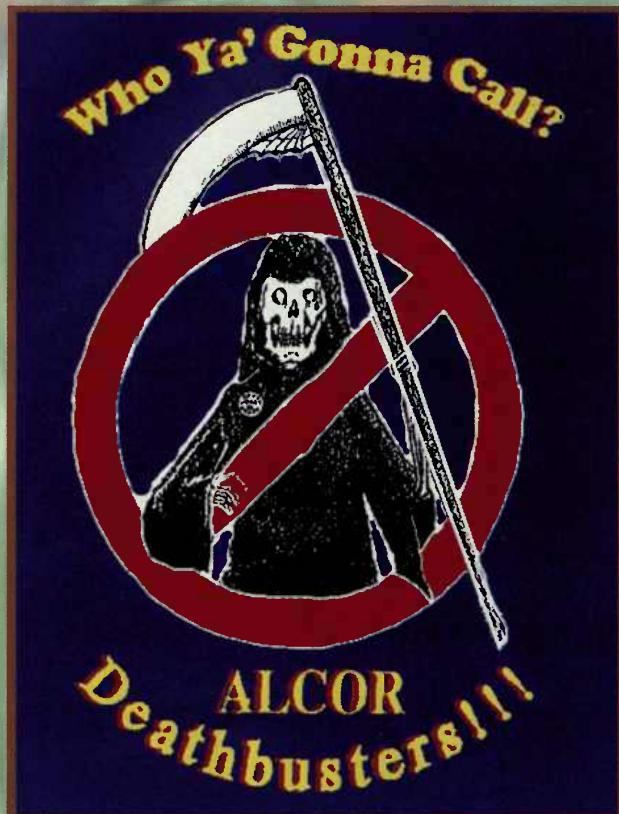
I just bet!

The bank ships out 3mm-thin slices of human soul tissue to about 100 scientists a year. "So great is the need," Cohen confided, "that last January, Dr. Edward D. Bird made an appeal in the New England Journal of Medicine asking fellow physicians to donate their brains upon death."



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OK, I know that you new Main-Liners linked into ConsciousNet are wondering about this word "death."



Well, Keith Henson of the
ALCOR CRYONIC FOUNDATION
(address) defines "death" as "An
involuntary, irreversible,
metabolic coma."

Oy Vey! It gives me heartache
to think about it. Involuntary
dying could be the most
important stupid mistake you
make in your life.

And they want to convince you
that you have no choice!

Involuntary Irreversible Dying
is a fatal error! Andy Warhol
flipped when I explained this to
him.

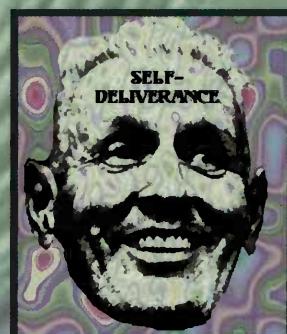
There are as many glamorous, sexy, elegant, compassionate ways to die as there are to live.

But do it with a friend.

The friends who helped enjoy life with you will help you
enjoy death too.

So!

Thirty-Three Cheers for Dr. Jack Kervokian!





FROM: SUSAN SARANDON
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: BRAIN = SOUL?

MY DEAR HUCK, IT MIGHT BE NICE IF YOU EXPLAINED TO NEW MEMBERS OF CONSCIOUS NET WHY YOU IDENTIFY THE BRAIN WITH THE "SOUL"?



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: SOULS

Ok.

First, let me explain.

As you know, I have dabbled a bit with consciousness alteration--Precise Activation of Right-Brain Chaotics (PARC).

And, although I have been called a "soul brother," I only know about the soul from what this Hindu Heavy hitter named Bobby Rom Dos told me time and time again.

I didn't know what time it was when I met Ram-Poo.

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He was formerly a big-shot professor at Yale, which is a much more sexy place than you might have feared.

According to him, the term "Harvard Square" is not the redundancy you may have thought. More about this later.

Anyway. For a change, I ask you to let us approach this "soul business" as WoMen of science. For a change I ask you to just pick up the American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Vintage 1975, where **Soul** is found on page 1234.

"Soul": the animating and vital principle in man credited with the faculties of thought, action, and emotion, and conceived as forming an immaterial entity distinguished from but temporarily coexistent with the Body."

I know. I know, Dr Sarandon.



Are you wondering about this male-macho "immaterial entity" jazz? Well wonder on.



At this point in time, let us see what Mr. Heritage has to say about the brain. Namely, "the portion of the central nervous system in the cranium that is responsible for the interpretation of sensory impulses, the coordination and control of bodily activities, and the exercise of emotion and thought."

It is not for me to explain or complain. I first ask you to note the weirdo, white-bread engineering terms "responsible," "control," and "exercise."

Second, just ask yourself this question. Where is this "soul" located? In the heart? In the pineal gland as Descartes cogitated?



In the wallet, as some have accused? In your genitals, mouth, pussy, penis, or otherwise, as the case may be? On the fucking bottom of your foot? Think about it!

Bobby Rom Dos tells me, and I believe hir, that consciousness is located in the brain.

He says that the soul is not the brain. The soul is this "immaterial entity." The electronic programs that hang around, so to speak.

Hang around where? Around the brain?

I thought so.

"Soul brother" is defined by the American Heritage dictionary as "a fellow negro of the male sex."

"Soul sister" is defined as "a fellow negro of the female sex."

Enough said.

Anyway, I am now on the verge of proof that Dr. Sidney Cohen's "soul" collection includes over 100 members of the Hollywood film colony, including Cary Grant! Aldous Huxley! John Belushi! Natalie Wood! Tom Mix! James Dean! And, thanks to Medical Examiner Thomas Noguchi, Marilyn Monroe!

Dr. Oz Janiger denies any connection with this "Great Brain Robbery," and I believe hir.

So far.

Why not? Dr. Oz Janiger D.C., President of the Albert Hoffman Foundation, is not as bad a person people say he is.

So far.

On the bright side of the ledger, John Lilly, Jack Nicholson, and Michelle Phillips have escaped with their "souls" intact. So far! Several of the lesser known Gabor sisters, rumor has it, had their pretty heads sliced and diced by Dr. Sidney Cohen's gang. Elvis Presley? Who knows? Walt Disney? Janis Joplin? Jim Morrison? Just who exactly still lives frozen in blessed

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hibernation in the re-animation vaults of the Alcor-CryoCare Cryonics Foundation, in Riverside, California, as Jimi Hendrix does?-- no thanks to Nick Rogue--all credit to Michael Hollingshead.

Then Andy Warhol started phoning me day and night. Cryonics is all Andy thinks about these days. So he says.



REBELLION OF THE IMPUDENT TOOL OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE



FROM: SUSAN SARANDON
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: ARE YOU OK?

HUCK, I HAVE JUST LEARNED OF YOUR INCARCERATION IN THE NANCY REAGAN REHABILITATION CENTER.

HUCK, I AM CONCERNED ABOUT THIS FLAIR-UP OF AGITATED DEPRESSION. SHOULD I PHONE THE HOSPITAL ABOUT YOUR MEDICATION NEEDS?



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: DEPRESSION

So, Dr. Lusan Susan, you wonder why I am in a state of agitated catatonia, to say the least?

Problem #1: All of these souls are fresh-frozen (like South African lobster tails). Not even pickled. Yipes!

Problem #2: The nervousness of making out. The wild excitement of foreplay. The unbuttoning of the bra. The removal of the panties. The wiggling into position on the outside staircase of a Detroit housing project. Hot cocks in winter cold!

Talk about pretty busy! The zipper. The arrangement of the contraceptive. The heavy

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breathing. The anxieties. Is that someone coming, not counting you or I? The maneuvering for penetration. Whew! What happened to my unit?

This interaction between the busy mind and the Willful One-eyed Trouser Worm is, to all youth, a most critical issue. And in this particular housing project in Detroit, 1975, there are no manuals on the care and use of this rebellious, unruly, complex equipment.

It is then that I consult the dictionary and discover that something called an Afrodisiac increased sexual performance. I rush to the library and consult every encyclopedia available. Try to look it up yourself! Not one mention of Aphrodisiac!

I'm thinking how weird it is of WASP culture to totally ignore this most important topic.

At that point in my foolish youth, I was trying to fathom the inscrutable White Man's mind. If one exists.

For example, in the year 1963, Gordon Cooper, a Caucasian, makes 22 orbits and lands safely. White Men invent a metal tennis racket. Lindbergh, more white bread, discovers the South Pole. The steam engine. Big deal! Thomas Edison. Right on! Henry Ford and the cotton gin! The penis assembly line. Yay bo!

Control this and control that, Mr. Male Man, but no control whatsoever of the most important cog of the masculine equipment?

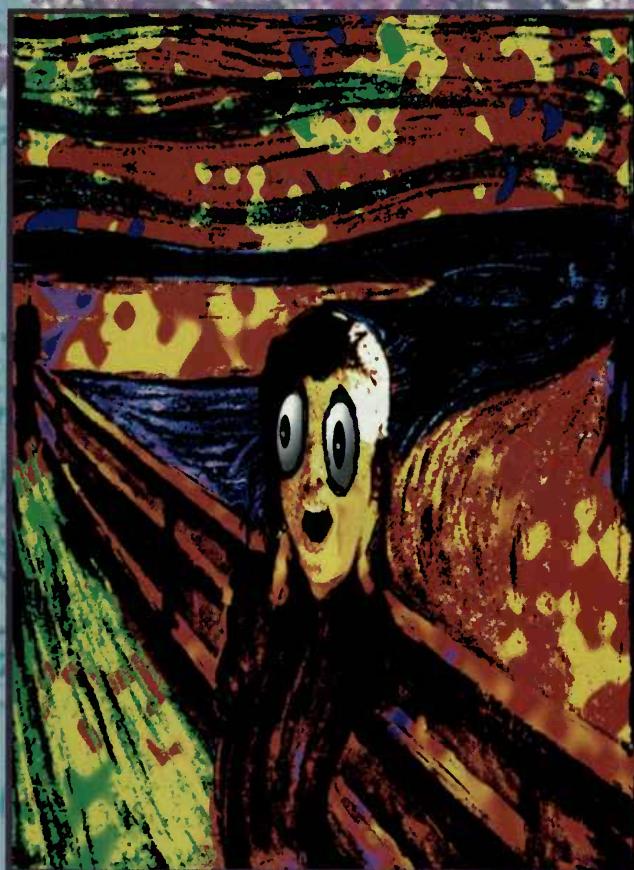
So! The funeral spirit of gravity yet clutches me. I look out the window and see this mental hospital surrounded by professional, free-lance, autopsy technicians known as "diener" (German for "helpers" or "cleaner-uppers") who harvest souls and spinal columns (an autopsy is not necessary) from donors at hospitals and nursing homes! There is no wealth on this poverty, no light on this dark matter.



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If suicide were painless I would probably do it. Why not ... I'm a literary failure. If I were back home, I would certainly throw all my manuscripts in the garbage. Trash.

(Transmission delayed.)





FROM: SUSAN SARANDON
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: HELLO?

ARE YOU THERE?

PLEASE CONTINUE.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: MORE...

Using this CANON NOTE-JET III 9860 does not help a bit. To many people, laptops represent the glamorous side of personal computing. With an internal modem hooked to the portable phone, and ConsciousNet software, the device becomes an interpersonal computer.

Granted.

They appear more "high tech" than that big, ugly metal box that sits on your desk taking up valuable real estate. And, no doubt about it, they (and often the operator, namely yours truly) often attract attention when used in public.





The nurses here, for example, all think they are cute by asking me "Oh! I hear you are working on a book. What's it about?" Just leave me alone, Florence Flightingale. Okay?

However, like some (but not all) glamour, the routine reality of day and night laptop use often fails to live up to expectations.

Anyway.

Once out of the projects, thanks to my scholarship to Lawrenceville Preparatory, they taught me about P.O.S.H the same time I get buggered for the first time in the small gym.

Then, after my marriage by Buffy du Pont, my adoption by Aileen Getty, the endless trips to Europe and North Africa, my modeling career going full blast, and the first gold album, I ended up with rooms of my own and wombs of my own, metaphorically so to speak. Sex was no problem. I am happily meshed into this weirdo WASP productivity circuit.

Prep School! Yay Bo!

Bachelor's degree! Yay Bo!

Graduate School in English Litter! Yay Bo! Helmut Newton, Karl Lagerfeld, Vogue, Elle, Y.S.L., Concert tours. MTV. My erections reporting for duty promptly on schedule just as I did to the classroom. Certain Professors tended to like me, so it seems...except for the periods of unavoidable hospitalization, the lamentable flirtations with dangerous drugs, wild, visionary episodes with some really beneficial neurotransmitters, and the inevitable anti-depressants and last-ditch tranquilizers. Thalidomide is really not a bad drug, as long as you wear a rubber. Think about it.

In 1980, meanwhile, my lover had this father, a real big shit in the CIA. Talk about conspiracy theorists! (About hir father ... hir shrinks agree.) Actually, SHE figured out what the dude was really up to down there, pretending to be the U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador while supervising the torture of liberal poets. So he put



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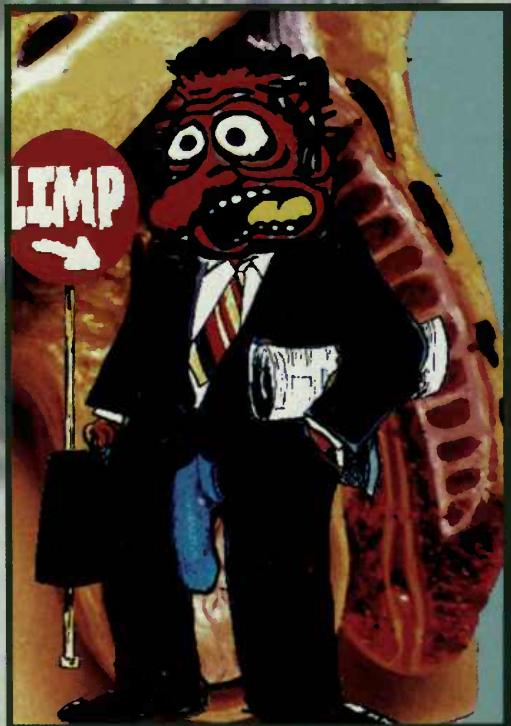
hir away in a funny farm. People will do that, you know.

As far as writing for Mr. Yorker goes, it was Dr Sarandon's idea. Me? I'm probably 10 times more creative than any of the idiots who write for that fagazine. I've been on ten fashion magazine covers! But I don't write "realistically." Ha Ha!

It's not that I can't write about the narrow opinions and concensual delusions they call the "Real World," it's that I flatly refuse to. The lunatic is on the grass! I could probably get in there if I really prostituted myself by writing some piece of crap which I would probably die to ever be associated with, but I just won't do that. I won't write for Hustler, or Playboy, or Chic, or Puritan, like some people I know who will do anything to pay their rent of a Party Animal in Beverly Thrills!

I sent them the Reel Thing. Massive poly-reality. The Borges of America. If they don't like it, they got their heads up their buts, ands, & howeveres.

They sent it back with a form letter.



So, for all these reasons my sexual situation predictably withers. Gradually I become this pretty face with Diana Ross eyes and moves better than Prince, and still my frail, battered psyche faces, once again, night after night, the thrills and spills of the intercontinental mating ground.

At this point I find that my sexuality (how shall I put it?) becomes very elitist and selective. I no longer feel that incessant, throbbing teenage desire to fuck or be fucked by any or all consenting warm bodies in the vicinity. A one-night bland is lust or bust depending on my feelings toward the person, my emotional state, the ebb and flows of manic-depression, the effects of any illegal or prescription medication, and my period of heat. Tom Cruiser I'm not, if you catch my drift.



FILE 7

EVERYTHING I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT SEX



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: CONTINUING ON

To find out more about these matters, I read extensively on the subject and talked to Terry, a cute, motor-mouthed, sex-starved, shrink friend at the time in the University of Montana's Clinical Psychology department. I'm lying in bed sulking while Dr. Know-it-all paces around in the dark-stark-nude, exclaiming that male sexuality is not an automatic mechanical scene. Specifically, Terry tells me that the male erotic response is this very Complex Psych-Bio-Chemical Situation. Oh shit! Just what I need to hear at this point! More than two-thirds of the male population over the age of 35 report less than perfect control over their juices and the blood supply to the penis (and the head).

No shit, Sherlock. We just proved that point. Sob.





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Anyway, Motor-Mouth Terry claims that all adult males seem to have cycles and rhythms & certain other mysterioso delicate sensitivities that are usually only attributed to the No-Longer Weaker Sex.

If any exist!

Now Terry says that most dudes who claim total virility are either lying or too primitive and callous to fucking appreciate the exquisite complications of erotic interaction in the fast-moving, ever-changing, Post Industrial civilization.

You see what I mean by Motor-Mouthed?



FROM: SUSAN SARANDON
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: MEDICATIONS?

DANI? WILL YOU GIVE US A PHARMACEUTICAL UPDATE? ARE YOU UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF AN ENERGIZER OR ANTI-DEPRESSANT MEDICATION AT THIS MOMENT?



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: MEDICATION

I wish! The point is, you have to start at the top and work down. This is all deep background material leading up to this problem with the Peter-Meter.

At the moment, however, another gigantic plight complication dilemma is the condition of



this lap top I am abusing. It is platitudinous to repeat this constant, nagging compulsion on the part of iron-ware designers to load up their "machines" with hard drives weighted down with mechanical disk-heads and spin motors featuring those old Newtonian vices of Big & Power.

That's why I am so happy with this CANON Note-Jet III 986C Bubble-Jet Flip Top. So light and cool, any self-respecting Tagger can balance it on hir shoulder while strutting up the boulevard to higher education.

And so it turns out that there is no God except in Art. The artist makes a world in which SHE is creator. They call it Cyberia, the "immortal" land of digital fantasy, and now, for me, it's all trash.

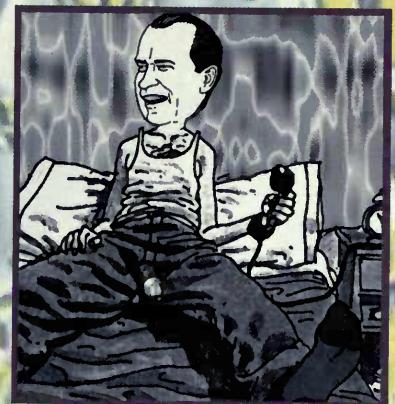
I've spent the last 10 years strutting for cameras and dancing for millions while writing incomprehensible gibberish. It's all my fault for not smoking more Bud.

Meanwhile, I have not forgotten the "diener" out there loose on the streets, rushing victims to the "Brain" Bank, where they are sliced with an electric roast-beef carving knife into 15 vertical coronal cross-sections, photographed, then quick-frozen with liquid nitrogen.

Where am I anyway? Oh yes. I was explaining the scandal at the Potency Clinic.

Okay. Thanks to Motor-Mouth Terry there's this grim social phenomenon. It was generally believed by psychologists back there in 1980 that much of the conflict, aggression, paranoia, sadism, and particularly racism plaguing society was due to sexual frustration. Sigmund Freud started this line of thought. Wilhelm Reich & M. M. Terry carried it to its logical, political conclusion.

So, I am lying there naked in uncomfortable embarrassment, clutching the rumpled (but not stained) sheet, listening to Terry say that Good Sex means cheerfully giving up control to receive pleasure. The less control, the better the sex. Take, for example, a closeted control-freak like J. Edgar Hoover. A WASP prude getting his FBI kicks from collecting sexual dossiers on rival politicians. Take, for example, Richard Nixon, a white man no one ever accused of having tender, erotic



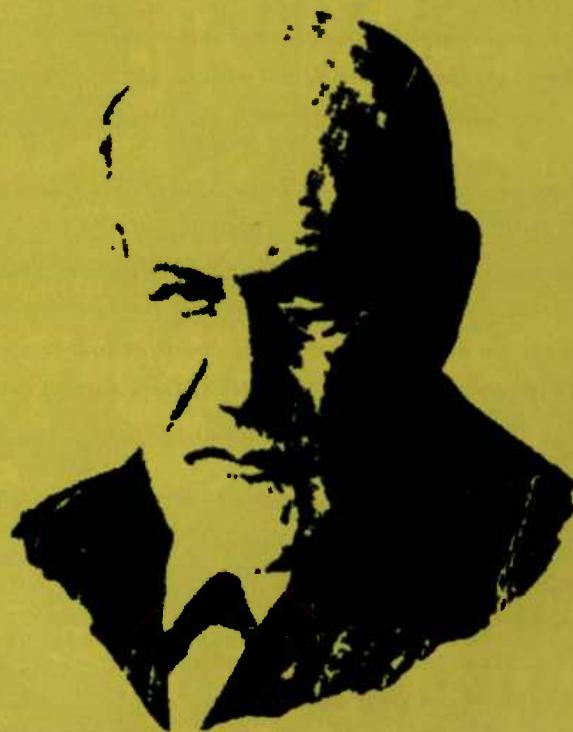


feelings (except for Bebe Rebozo, perhaps).

Rap master Terry is raving that if a safe, dependable afrodisiac becomes available, many of the psychological and social problems facing our species, including racism and homo-phobia, would be instantly improved.

So we shower and dress and ankle over to the University of Montana Medical School Library, and with the help of two cute and very eager librarians, with much giggling and a little groping around, we scour the bibliographies and journal files for data about afrodisiacs or, as some call them, aphro-disiacs.

APHRODISIACS



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FILE 8

AFRODISIACS IN HISTORY:
THEY'LL TRY ANYTHING

(Transmission Interrupted.)

Canon Note-Jet III 986C

1. Begin Communication
2. End Communication/Program

Answer Ring Count: 1 WAITING



FROM: DR. RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: STATUS

HELLO, HUCK. ARE YOU THERE?



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: STATUS

Okay. Okay.

Please excuse. Medication time again.

I never really was a Starship Tripper. Acid may be a good drug, and it did contribute to the finale of A New Chemical Philosophy, but it just isn't my thang. As a Philosophic Medication, mine is the Rastaman Vibration. My elegant, black, designer genes you know. Now that these killer, mutant, glaucoma genes have entered the gene pool, there will be countless people stumbling around who will need to rely on weed, hopefully without the legal trouble it took to get my cannabis prescriptions filled.



The reason I have been writing trash is that I haven't been smoking dope.

Hold on a moment.

(Three minute pause.)

Well, it's getting clearer to me. The first order of business would seem to be to get my life organized. I am sure my living situation is an essentially schizophrenic lifestyle. Next comes getting a normal job in some dull sector of show biz. A prime-time sitcom which my agent keeps suggesting. My writing is worthless so I can't count on it to bring in my income.

I wish I could die.

(Fourteen minute pause.)

Okay, the anti-depressant is kicking in, thank Bob.

Tre la la! Back at last in the Valley of Jollies.

Now, let me go back and pick up the thread. Perhaps I am flogging a straw herring in

midstream, but in spite of what they say about the stitch in time, it seems perilous to the nth degree for us to run around with hir sleds in the sand.

The Huck Getty Mellon DuPont

AFRODISIAC COOK BOOK

Featuring hundreds of recipies to create the most effective and long lasting afrodisiacs direct from the flesh and organs of horny animals.



James Boswell.

Musk is a perennial favorite of erotic searchers.

Shellfish, of course, especially oysters and mussels. In Japan the fugu fish, a form of puffer, is still used by hopeful lovers. Even today more than 300 Japanese die with huge, painful erections, each year while on this dangerous quest so they say.

All the texts agree that cantharides, Spanish fly, is a most celebrated and terrible afrodisiac. An overdose causes unbearable itching and irritation to the genitals. I just wish. Don't knock it if you haven't clocked it, as I always say.

Over the centuries the plant kingdom has been ransacked by sexually ambitious white

Oh. Yes... "files for data about afrodisiac."

We find enormous amounts of litterature on the history of this subject.

Mandrake root was apparently the first sex stimulus; it is mentioned twice in the Bible. Pythagoras brags on it; Machiavelli writes a comedy about it.

The flesh and organs of horny animals were used in almost every time and place. Hippomanes, the flesh from the forehead of a colt, is mentioned in Virgil. Medieval Europeans regularly used the penis, cooked or raw, of the stag, bull, ox, and goat.

Ambergris, a jelly from the innards of the whale, is used by the royal mistress Madame du Barry and the insatiably curious

men. Many believe that satyrian, a mythic herb mentioned by the Greeks and Romans, was nothing else than good old marijuana and hashish.

Have you tried truffles, mushrooms, or the South American yage? The South Seas root, Kava Kava? Damiana? The Royal Jelly and pollen from bees? The Cocoa plant? Peruvian ceramics portray pornographic scenes on pots used to prepare nose-candy of the Andes.

I KNOW, I KNOW. YOU WERE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT COCAINE KILLS ALL THE APPETITES, INCLUDING SEXUAL DESIRE.

IT'S AN ANAESTHETIC AFTER ALL.

Is cocaine an afrodisiac? You ask me my opinion? Well, first you're hot, and then you're not.

Personally, without sounding like Nancy Reagan or that obese microcephalic Newt Presley, I consider cocaine a very jittery and cold ally.

Let me give you a clinical experimental example, cautioning you, as I learned from Bobby Rom Dos, that everyone's drug responses are totally individual and also change from set to setting, as Bobby Rom calls them. In plain language, each of us is a Quark crammed with billions of if-then algorithmic possibilities for being activated.

Okay. I am out of the hospital and touring and my opening act is this lame-brain, pick-up motley crew fronted by Newt Presley on a pitiful come-back tour through the cow-towns of hell. Presley, so fat he cannot walk on stage with his guitar, has become the world's leading narcotics agent. As a provision of his parole from a Texas jail, no one on his or his fellow musicians' tour are allowed to indulge in any experiments with neurotransmitting substances.



Okay, we arrive in Portland, Oregon, clean as whistles, after a 22 hour highway torture and I have never been so tired, but there's no time to rest. It's nine pm with four hours of muscle facing and I'm really hurting for a few hours of deep sleep, or, if sleep's impossible, then one, just one hit, blow, toke, boot, or poke of energy. Not speed or crank, you understand. Lasts too long. I can count on my fingers. In six hours I want to be tired not wired. But half a line. Or one toke of crack, for just a quick fast boost.

No such luck, thanks to Crusader Presley.

In spite of my fatigue wounds, I slug through the gig like some geriatric quarterback fronting this band from hell through a pretty good set. All things considered.

Afterwards, this beautiful blond lady, the maitre dee, you know, comes into my dressing room with big eyes bulging for yours truly.

"Great gig, man," SHe says, "Want some blow?"

I look at hir and laugh. "Oh sister," says I, "why didn't you ask me three hours ago?"

SHe smiles very friendly. "What's wrong with right now?" SHe murmurs softly.

"Cause I don't want to be in bed twitching at four in the morning," I say sensibly.

SHe looks at me really sweet and whispers, "Squirm all night! Oh, I do!"

So much for cocaine.



FILE 9

WE UNBARE THE GREAT
AFRODISIACAL SCANDAL!

FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

TO: ALL

SUBJ: SCANDAL

Casanova, meanwhile, attributes his All-Star Hall of Fame performances to raw eggs.

The strong, hard-up jutting horn of the rhino has caught the imagination of erection-seekers for centuries. Grind it up to powder, baby, and eat it or toot it. In the Orient today, rhino dust goes for \$2,000 a pound. In Hong Kong restaurants, they sprinkle some rhino-horn powder on your dinner for a hefty addition to your bill.



To be strictly honest, the main thing this research at the University of Montana Medical School Library demonstrates is that I am not alone in my quest. No siree! Throughout the ages, intelligent, affluent, ambitious, and just plain horny human beings have continually sought the Alchemical Grail—the true afrodisiac.

So what does modern science have to contribute to this noble search?

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Nothing. Nada. Zilch.

Now the truly horrible truth is slowly uncovered by stumbling into this obviously organized, tangled web of deliberate malice.

Listen!

Not only was there no proven afrodisiac in the current medical literature, there was apparently no research being done on this most important topic!

How idly curious. Do we have a slight little oversight here, Doctor Jung? Should you not be more gainfully employed, Dr. Freud?

Hey, Jose! What's going on! We're talking about a potion that could cure many of our medical and most of our psychological problems. A simple, easily synthesized, organic compound that gives automatic tender confidence and generous well-being to the notoriously bad-tempered male species. Instill some smiling relaxation in the worried, tense half of the human race that goes around carrying guns in their bulging pants pockets, fighting, murdering, raping, inventing male gods and priesthoods of prudes with limp, unused willies dangling beneath their robes, laying down rules and regulations preventing people from doing normally what these pitiful transvestite queens can't or won't do.



Because they can't get it up!



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: YOU'RE HEALTH

HUCK! NAP TIME!

[Transmission interrupted.]



FILE 10

SOULS STACKED UP
IN AIR-TIGHT BAGS



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: MINUTE STEAK SOULS

One night while champagning with Norman Mailer in Paris, I asked Sigmund Freud's grandson, Poompi, what it meant to be crazy. Poompi put his hand on my leg, and gazed into my eyes and whispered: "Hucky-Bucky, insanity is doing the same thing over and over and over again expecting different results."

I seem to be typing that sentence a lot lately.

I know what you are thinking, Dr. Siggy Sarandon:

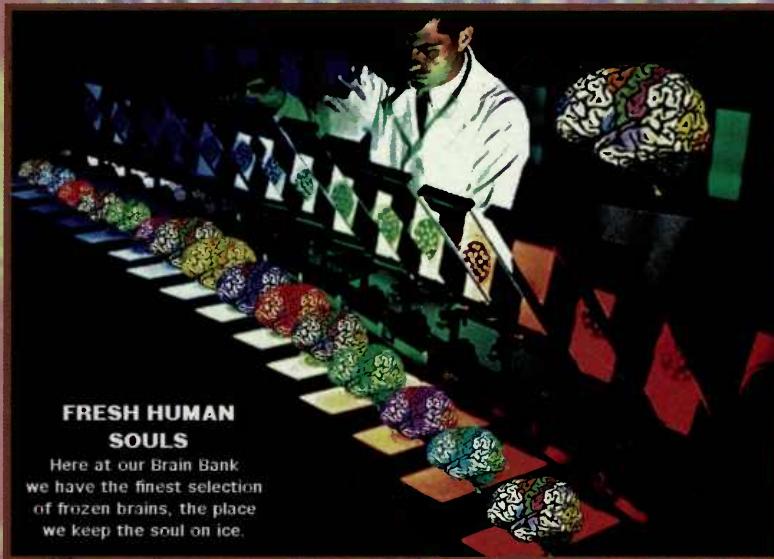


"There he goes again, flailing away with his flap-lip-lap-top CANON NOTE-JET."

Well I just can't listen to well-meaning or malicious advice from literary agents like Scott Meredith. You see, I write about real people and real issues which matter to real people, like cryonic-hibernation, tender, sexual self confidence, and exposing the slime monster medics who want worms to eat our bodies after a miserable life of sexual inadequacy.

I call them slime monsters because they are so important in our lives. Now, how often have you been walking down the street & seen blood & mucus in the High School auditorium? Now, how often have you been walking down the street & seen a slime monster passing out religious literature?

I thought so.



FRESH HUMAN SOULS

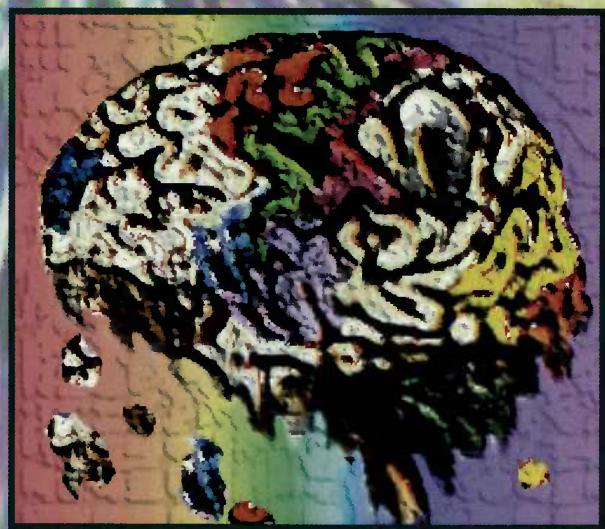
Here at our Brain Bank we have the finest selection of frozen brains, the place we keep the soul on ice.

Not to forget that in the basement of this very building, inside each one of the forty frosty-freezers, the coronal slices of brain (soul) tissue are stacked up like minute steaks, each one in its very own air-tight bag.

Dr. Sidney Cohen's

shameless impudence is beyond belief! He makes no bones about it. "We prefer obtaining brains from the bank's Gift of Love program because this usually ensures that the donor's medical record will be available for study, as opposed to say, the brain of a street person whose medical history is not always readily obtainable."

"The only catch," says Cohen, "is that the bank must be notified immediately of the donor's death to obtain the brain, ideally within three





hours before it begins to decompose."

This is exactly what worries Andy Warhol, by the way. Surrounded, as he is, by the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) Gang and the St. Patrick's Cathedral Mafia.

"For this reason," adds Dr. Sidney Cohen, "we still miss a convenient relationship our bank had with former Los Angeles County Coroner Dr. Thomas Noguchi's office. In the early 1980's, the bank had a representative at the Coroner's Office during autopsies to obtain fresh brains, particularly those of people who had been diagnosed as schizophrenic (A commodity!) We find them almost as difficult to get as normal brains."

Now, sir, I ask you. Is my present agitated depression and my desperate need for lithium & other legally prescribed euphorants a normal survival reflex or a paranoid symptom? Caused by impure drugs? Or not?

According to Dr. Cohen, "The relationship ended, however, when the grant expired and Noguchi was suspended and demoted to Physician Specialist by the L.A. County Board of Supervisors in 1992 for alleged mismanagement and "sensationalizing celebrity deaths."

Oh boy! Do you now remember my gloomy comments about the harvesting and destruction of people who could have been cryonically hibernated by Cryo-Care? Marilyn Monroe and Elvis and James Dean should be awaiting re-animation instead of having their souls sliced like minute steak in air-tight, plastic bags?



FILE 11

THE WORLD'S NOT READY FOR
BULGING KNICKERS IN A PILL.

FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: MINUTE STEAK SOULS

Meanwhile, the Impotency Maintenance & Production Division of this criminal band of death-lovers has been successful in throwing a black curtain of secrecy about the subject.

So, posing as a science reporter from Time magazine, hidden behind the veil of black suit and tie, I interviewed three faculty members of the University of Montana Medical School about new breakthroughs in research. They babbled like lustful canaries about the money needed for cancer research. These faculty-types will sit up and bark like seals if they sense publicity. But when I asked them about cures for male impotency and research on afrodisiacal drugs, oh boy, did they



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clam up like tonque-tied
oysters

My next cunning move was to manage to encounter, just by accident, this endocrinologist named Doctor Fred, who innocently thought he was picking me up in this gay bar while drinking one night. When I asked him how could I score some "horny pill," Wink wink. Doctor Fred explains it to me.

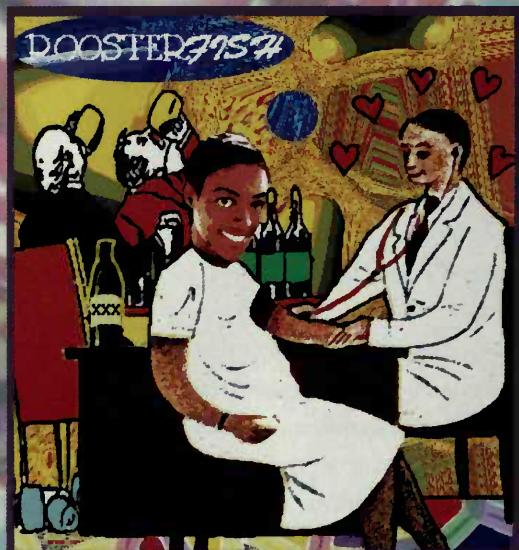
"Listen, Huck. The subject of aphrodisiacs is taboo. If any medical scientist or physiologist, here or in Russia, were to apply for a grant to research this field, his reputation would be ruined.

Or they'd be considered a flake, or a pervert."

"Oooh, how thrilling," I gush, batting my eyes innocently. "A flaky perverted Doctor! Sounds like just what the patient ordered." Wink wink.

Doctor Fred, now lured into a false sense of security, giggled on cue.

"But seriously, Doctor Fred," says I, putting



my hand on his knee, "this sounds like a great research topic. The first scientist who discovers an effective afrodisiac will be a savior of WoMankind and make a bundle of money."

"...the Pullover Prize. Maybe even the Noble."

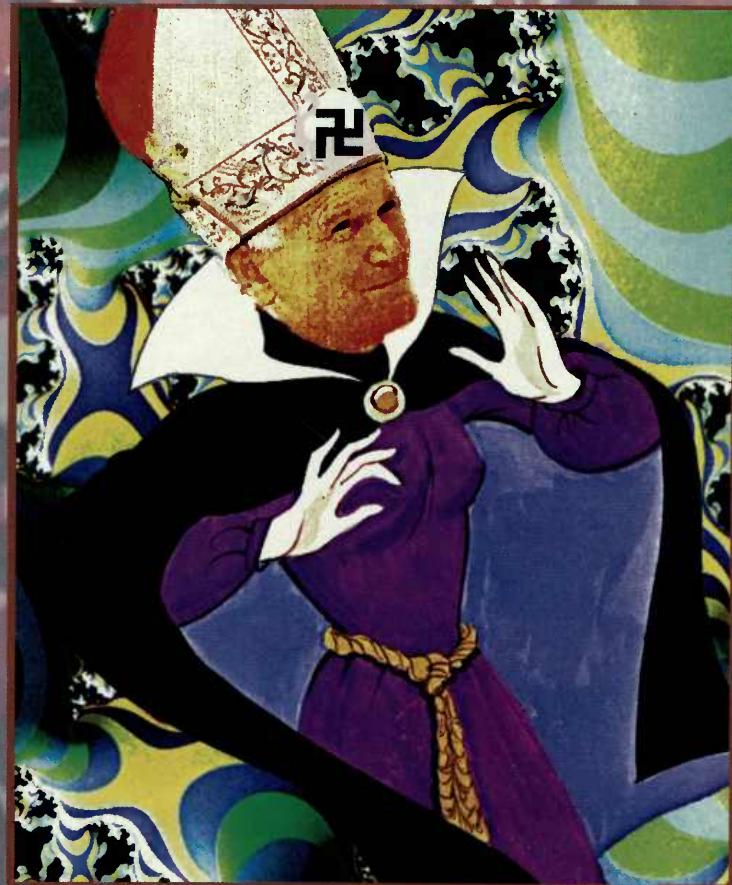
"No question about it," said Doctor Fred, dreamily moving his knee from side to side after downing his scotch and soda. "We all know that if a crack team of psycho-pharmacologists were to research this topic, they could come up with a dependable aphrodisiac in a year. It will happen. Someday someone will win the Nobel Prize and make a billion dollars marketing one. This is only 1999.

This old witch Pope John Paul and that withered crone Mother Theresa are denouncing sexual choice. There's an all-out War on Drugs & Hedonism & erotic pleasure. There's

an over population problem in the Third World. Culture isn't ready for a medicine that would have the male population running around with erect dicks bulging out of their pants, not to mention Herpes and AIDS and the Moral Majority complications. Come back in 20 years, Huck, and maybe we'll have an erection injection. In the meantime..." He paused, sending me this soulful look. "Let's make do! do! do! with what we got!"

So! There it was in cold black and white.

No doubt about it! There is a social taboo against the idea of a pill that can give Mr.



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Average Joe Male Man, black, white, or polka-dot, a calm, certain control over his precious, erratic-erotic equipment.

By the way, Dr. Alpert, maybe it would help if I sent you the cover letter I sent to the The Unnatural Enquirer with my article Lashing and Crashing in the Flying Purple People Eater.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Here is our History-&Herstory Short

Story. If you like them, there are plenty more where they came from.
PS. I really am chaotically schizoid, as reported in the May 1999 Mondo 2000+ magazine.

The Unnatural Enquirer sent it back with a note from the Executive Editor Queen Mu Dominatrix which said:

Dear Mr. Getty du Pont:

We all laughed our heads off reading your scanty, brief tale, but it does not fit our needs at the present time.

Signed: Mr. Unnatural

I would caution anyone against distributing Hir-Story in any form unless you can get Vanity Flare or Vague or somebody with big bucks to print it. If ABCDisney Communications (who owns Last Gasp Comics) ever finds out what you are doing, they are going to fry your sweet, tender thighs for mouse burgers.

So the only plan is to interest some porno publisher who has the deep-pockets to fight a major lawsuit. It is, however, totally hilarious, and one of these days I'm going to drive to New York and back to West L.A. so I can change sex. I always wanted to have a gender change operation so I could turn into a lesbian.

FILE 12

DRUNKEN ANIMALS:
THE PROS AND CONS

FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: DESTRUCTION

HUCK WE HAVE THIS NAGGING LITTLE PROBLEM ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION (ALLEGED) OF THE RESEARCH EQUIPMENT AT THE POTENCY CLINIC & NEW COMPLAINTS FROM THE FEDERAL BRAIN RESERVE PEOPLE ABOUT YOUR (ALLEGED) HARASSMENT?



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: RICHARD ALPERT & ALL
SUBJ: RE: DESTRUCTION

Frankly, Mr. Cryo-Care Foundation, with all due respect, and you too, Dr. Richard Alpert, I cannot fathom your concern for these limp-dick experts at the impotency clinic when my basic assignment is to prepare the sign-up paperwork for Andy Warhol's cryonic hibernation.

You can understand my current preoccupation with getting Andy set for Suspension-Re-animation. He knows his nights are numbered. Particularly when I am being confined in of all places, a hospital where they are slicing and grinding up human brains like hamburger.



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Oy vey! I haven't told you about my little surveillance raid on the Brain Bank yesterday, word of which apparently has reached you already. You see! You see now how efficient their diabolical surveillance and interdiction operations are!

They track my every move! How? Have they implanted transmitters in my teeth?

I borrowed the white coat of a certain cute internist by the name of Susan, and under the disguise of Bob Groves, Herald Examiner staff writer, interviewed Dr. Ronald Segal, Professor of Alcohol Studies (another scientist who misses what is referred to as the "Noguchi Connection").

Now, my Good Doctor, I can hear you wondering about the "Noguchi Connection." You think I am making this up? You wonder if I am a bit stressed out?

Listen to what Dr. Segal told me. "He (Noguchi) was a good scientist and worked closely

with me to provide these brains." This is a quote from Dr. Segal. No shit.

"Animal brains are unsatisfactory," Segal groused.

"Unsatisfactory!" I shouted. "To whom? To the animals?"

I fear this may sound incredible to you, Good

Doctor, but it's incrediblity we want anyway. Incredible precision.

"What is an alcoholic animal?" asked Dr. Ron Segal. "There's no such thing!"

Well, I for one would like to introduce Dr. Segal to the flocks of intoxicated bears in & around my home in Havre, Montana, who hang around the granaries waiting for rotting,



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fermenting grain, and go crazy, apparently willing to sell their sisters' fur coats in their desire to get drunk. So what do you, Mr. City Dweller Dr. Segal, know about the alcohol and drug problems of wild animals? Crooked, wasted, sloshed bears rattling around your garbage. Herds of lashed raccoons, cows hallucinating wildly on "loco weed," or platoons of mooses stoned, loaded out of their minds like marines on maneuver or the National Guard, pilfering the marijuana farms of decent, hardworking Montana farmers. Dope-crazed grizzlies breaking into sleeping bags to guzzle gin, whisky, pills, you name it, and crash around the forest, juiced, crooked, stumbling over cliffs stealing purses, cameras, portable radios, fishing gear, even shotguns, frightening children on picnics. So what does Dr. Segal know about the fact that all these dear creatures, like us, like to alter their consciousness now and then?

Just try to tell a two-ton partying grizzly to "just say no," Nancy Reagan.

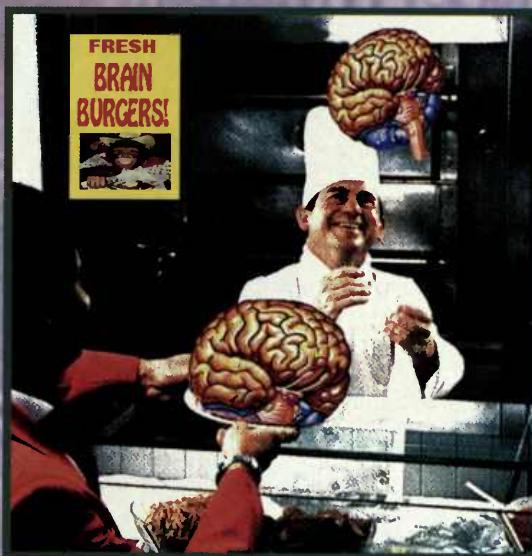
So! Dr. Segal isn't sure why humans don't sign up to donate their brain tissue. This is a quote. "The brain (i.e. the soul) for some reason has not been a popular organ to leave behind. My own view is that it can do a tremendous amount of good."

Whew! What can I say? You see why I am a bit shook-up?

As we of Alcor well know, for \$35,000 we can hibernate a brain (soul) and thaw her out when ready for transplant. And as we are learning, the soul aka the brain, is the seat of consciousness. How can these crazed, government engineers who shamelessly announce to the press their plans to slice brains (souls) into deli-slices wonder why the brain (soul), and I quote, "is not a popular organ to leave behind?" This is happening only four floors below where I am right now.

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Sorry, Doc. I gotta take a rest.



FILE 13

NEAR MISS WITH BILLIONAIRE
BARON VON THIGHSON

FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

TO: ALL

SUBJ: NEAR MISS

But anyway, I couldn't understand it. If your car decided to run when it wanted to, you'd have it adjusted right away. That's common-sense! If your TV set was tempermental and turned off at its own whim, you'd certainly take practical Yankee Doodly steps to put yourself back in charge.

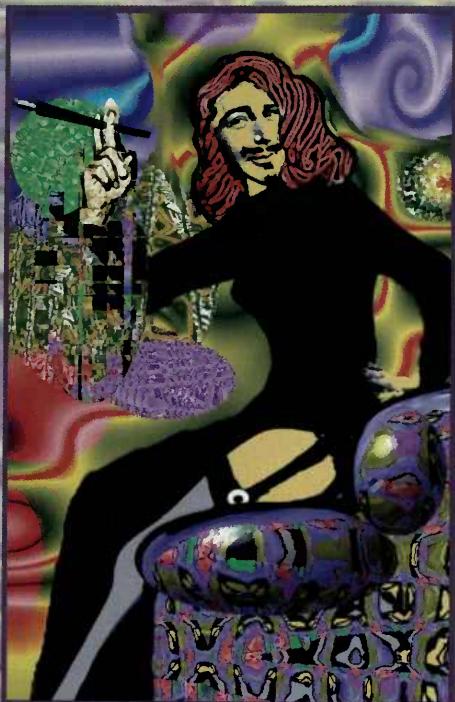
Of your own fucking, if you get my point.

This passive loss of self-control of one's own most precious appliance becomes really obvious to me on this certain rather sordid occasion while Tom Cruising around the funky streets of the notorious Reeperbahn District of Hamburg, West Germany. First we indulged in some leisurely window-shopping, gawking like local bozos at the ladies and gents sitting so improperly looking out at us as if we were enormous mastiffs hoping to be taken home.

And that is, exactly, precisely the moment when I am taken to a sex show.

I am with a very cynical/sophisticated fashion editor of the news magazine *Der Spiegel* and this really cute billionaire Cyber Punk genius who owns this computer network and most of West Germany (so they say) by the name of Hans Heinrich Thyssen (or as I teasingly

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call him, "Hands") and a well-known Herr Doktor psychiatrist who looks like Boris Becker! Need I say more!

The show amazes me. White people straight-out fucking on-stage! I am most impressed by a big Swedish youth (as Albino as Andy Warhol) who bounds around the set with his enormous mainsail standing full mast.

First he boffs this fiery redheaded lady named Mademoiselle Fifi Boofels who wraps hir slim legs around him, emitting loud cries of pleasure.

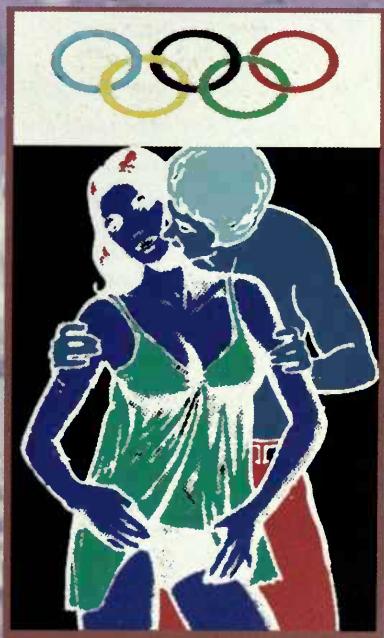
And then a sultry brunette lady. Hir first name Babette. Hir last name I forget, who writhes on a couch holding up hir ivory-white smooth arms and legs ditto, invitingly, whimpering with desire.

And then, for his third, he apparently delighted a saucy blonde lady, hir Christian name being Greta. SHe bends over, saucily leaning hir head against the wall with hir round backsides wiggling first to the left and then to the right. There was a lot of North-South action likewise.

For 20 minutes this acrobatic young white gentleman pranced around, brandishing his equipment with total self-mastery in front of an audience of 200! We are talking Mr. Jesse Owens Olympic Gold Medal fucking time!

"That guy's stamina is impressive," I said to my German hosts. The fashion editor looks at me and sneers, you know, in that scornful, jaded, Hamburg style.

"That makes nothing" says he. "It's not the real thing. He's taken some drug."



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The tennis-star psychiatrist (on steroids, or worse probably) agreed, waving his limp hand in languid dismissal.

The billionaire computer tycoon, Hans (Hands) Heinrich Thyssen says nothing but winks at me.

I leap to my feet. "What drug!" I'm shouting. "What's it called? Comment s'appelle! Que es votre nom? Where can we get it? Donde es?"

Just enigmatic shrugs. No answer from the oh-so jaded sophisticated editor and the psychiatrist. They just can't admit interest in the greatest scientific brake-through of the century.

Little did they know!

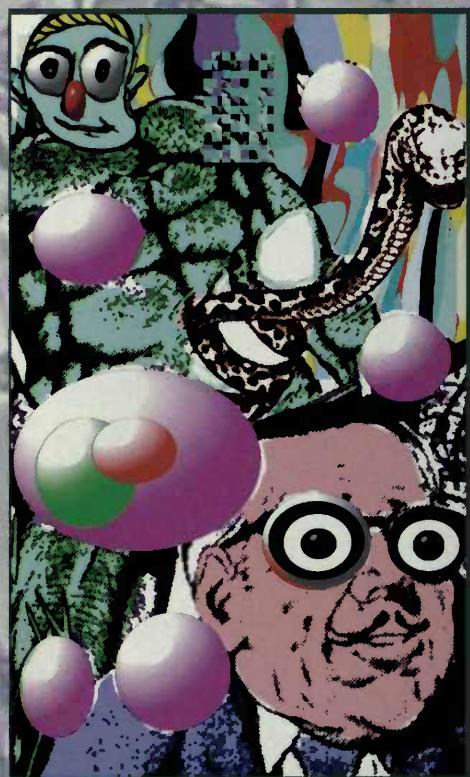
However, this digital tycoon, this distinguished, dimpled, hair-slicked-down and parted, old sophisticate by the name of Hans Heinrich Thyssen, he just winks again and makes a slight twist of his head implying, "Stick with me, man, etc." You know.

He, "Hands" Heinrich Thyssen, turns out to be yet another one of those late night fizzles.

As you have undoubtedly suspected, Mr. Plump, the Dimpled, Cyber-Tycoon Hans Heinrich Thyssen can be amusing in this way. But the afrodisiac promises, once again, were fokus-bogus.

"Promise 'em anything," if you know what I mean? Oldest con-game in town, dating back to the time of that infamous transvestite Buddha and his robed monks in India. Illumination!

Sure Gautama! 1000 monks sitting in the lotus position in some damp & drafty monastery, hoping for the perpetual hard-on, and here I am in the mansion of this German, Hands Heinrich Thyssen,



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standing in the art-filled sitting room in the Villa Favorita, one of the so-called loveliest in the world, looking out over Lake Hamburg. For those who need an introduction, namely yours truly.

He, meanwhile, is idly trying to pull down my jockey-shorts while telling me that the Thyssen fortune had originally been made in iron and steel in Germany. "My mother irons and my father steals," he says in the lame manner of someone who tells the same joke over and over again.

So he ends up offering me as "afrodisiac" this tired, opium-laced Turkish hashish and no thanks, Herr Hans to the needle. But, you know me. I'm always open to change.

So.

All was forgiven, you know, when "Hands" Thyssen, (or "Thighs-on" as I now call him) boots up his computer & starts showing me some cybertricks.

An electronic glove, for example, like a joy-stick. You point at the computer and move your fingers to pick up and move images on the screen.

So he puts on the screen this Polaroid shot by the famous lensman, Helmut Newton, grandson of Isaac, of his wife Tita with this enormous diamond hanging from hir neck who, says he, was Miss Barcelona and later Miss Marbella, picked by a jury that included the great bullfighter, Lewis Domengeen, who is the latest and greatest baron.

Then he snaps a digital Polaroid of me, which quickly pops up on the screen.

Now get this. My pix is on screen standing next to his wife. He holds out his hand with the glove on it and this makes his wife's hand move on the screen. He lifts hir hand and takes the diamond off hir cleavage and hands it to me—on the screen, you know.

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"This is the Star of Peas Pendant," say he, "169 carrots. This the biggest, flawless diamond in the world."

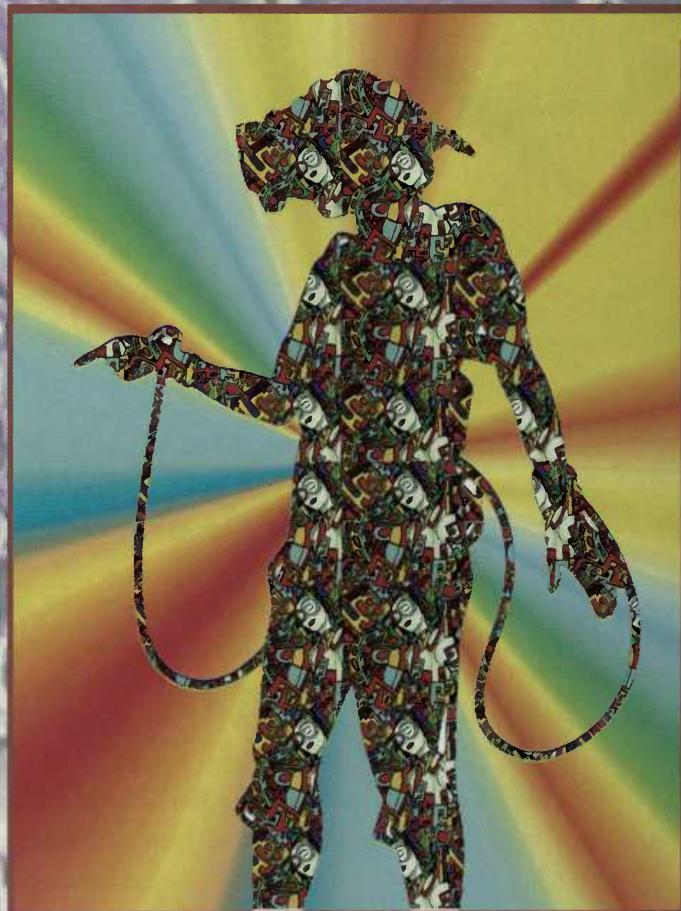
Meanwhile hir other hand is on my crotch on the screen, needless to say. While his hands are groping me.

Then he puts a glove on my hand and it makes my screen arm move, robot like, and I take the jewel from his wife's hand.

The non-aphrodisiac narcotic, by the way, is beginning to lick me while he is pulling on these leather pants with wires so that when he opens his thighs, then his wife on the screen opens hir legs and takes my hand and rubs it on hir crotch—well you get the picture.

The baron (you see why I call him "Hands") is having his wife on the screen digitally sexually molest my image on the computer screen.

"Cyber-sex!" he shouts. "Fuck anyone in space time." I am amused & mildly aroused except that the opium, as usual, when eaten and not smoked, makes me sick. So much for German-made electro-aphrodisiacs.



FILE 14

UNAUTHORIZED FOOLING AROUND FOR SCIENCE



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: "none"

HELLO, HUCK. YOU HAVE BEEN OFF OUR REAL-TIME-TRACK FOR 15 HOURS. HOW GOES IT? WE ARE WORKING TO GET YOU RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: FUNNY

Yo.

As James Joyce said to Thomas Pynchon: "Chaos, my dear. The best of times, the worst of times."

Frankly, I guess I must go back to Narccoholic Anonymity Numinous. I just purchased a big, big bottle of beer, which I shouldn't have done, because my glaucoma is going over the edge again & if I was really serious about taking care of my big, beautiful eyeballs, I'd be smoking weird instead of drinking beer. Herb is the healer of the nation. Birds eat it. Bees eat it. Even educated bears do it. Beavers, I have just heard, do it! Legalize it!

I can see the question-marks floating like little perplexed info-clouds above

your tidy law-and-order thinking caps. You wonder how I managed to illegally score some chaos-brew in this locked-ward? Good question!

Well you see, there's this Hispanic porter here by the name of Jaime which is pronounced like the Jewish persuasion, Heimie, which Brother Jesse Jackson learned to his dismay. So I summoned Jaime to my bedside and waved a \$20 bill in front of him and said, in Spanish, "Compadre, I entreat you. During your lunch brake, por favor, purchase me a big, big bottle of cerveza." Jaime jumped away as though I had offered him the business end of a rattlesnake, indignant.

So then I waved a hundred in front of him and said, "Medicina! Comprende! Illustrious cousin, beer is my medicina! For my gain-weight diet. Just uno grande bottle, por favor."

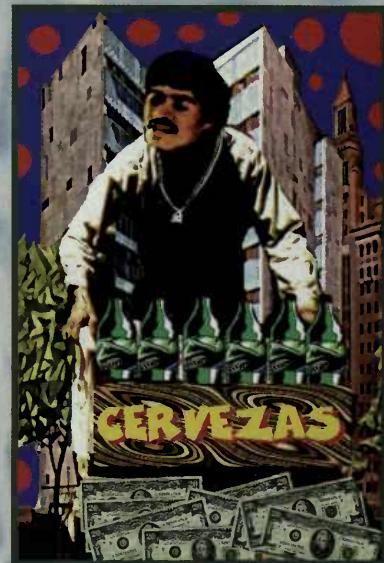
I can plainly see him wavering, glancing over his shoulder. Then I went for the jugular. The killer instinct you learn in the ghettos of Detroit, Gstaad, Marbella, & Yale University, you know. I flourished two hundred dollar bills so he could plainly see & quickly stuffed them in his hand, which I closed.

"Ca marchez, virement maintenant!" I said firmly in Spanish.

He comes back right on prompt after lunch, the big bottle of intoxicating chaos-brew wrapped in his L.A. Dodgers jacket. I slide the bottle under my sheet. Jaime looks at me, shaking his head. "Hey, man," he says. "You sure make it hard. Cocaine's much easier to bring in."

The beer was a mistake. Frankly, I would really go back to the ole ganga-man voodoo chaotics were it not for being diagnosed as a hebephrenic-manic. The ole brain cells do not take kindly to cannabis when you're a hebephrenic-manic. Currently, I am more of a giggling hebephrenic than a manic one, and more drunk than either.

Speaking of which, I have come to believe that what these Mechanical Engineering people call "God" is a mechanical, nearly-decomposable rust-system. The Isaac



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Newton "God" is a massive, strong-force. Not one grain of teleology.

Over the short term, the weak force is meaningless & can be ignored. But over the long-term, a weak force is the strongest force in the mechanical world. Metal fatigue, as I call it. They call it entropy. Like gravity. Can you believe a culture based on entropy and rust? Little do they know! Entropy marches on!

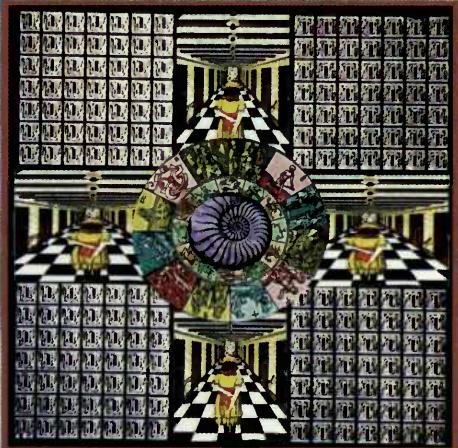
For example, I used to see the Spirit of Gravity when I was practicing the ganga-man chaoties religion. Confusing to say the least. Then my voodoo sisters showed me the Spirit of Gravity, the cosmic Spider-Web with long, coiling, jellyfish tentacles which reach out of the Earth web vagina to ensnare higher entities, namely yours truly, & try to drag us down into the rust-world and give me blowjobs.

Okay, I know, Dr. Alpert, that you consider me the only agent who can investigate the Haitian Zombie Cults, and you are bored with my ranting about nuclear theology and chaos engineering. The four basic structures of matter: the spiral, the tunnel, the

lattice, and the spider web.

Okay. I know. I know. But listen to one more chorus. This is important! Isaac (Engineer) Newton is an idiot savant. He is a law-and-order rote-memory mechanic, like Dustin Hoffman in "Rainman."

So, this really cute MIT physicist who owns this Caribbean island by the name of Bet Fredkin, flew me down, turned me on, tuned me in, activated my chaos brain, digitized me, body and soul, for two daze and nights, and then told me that 19th century physics was a production of autistic rote-memory order-freaks.



Little Ikey Newton could calculate, no question about it. He could run equations in his head, which mightily impressed the ignorant, pedantic, Oxford University peasants of the time. But Isaac Newton is this English-Engineer-Empire-Wimpo obsessed with mass, momentum, force, work, power, energy, order, and control! Bigger is better for Queen Victoria. Newton had no common sense or street smarts.

Einstein was one cool dude with hot ideas!

Like every cool street person, he understood the give-and-take relativity of human interactions.

Heisenberg was another hip dude from the hood. Hey man, he knew how to deal with chaos, complexity, and general fuck-ups.

So says Bet Fredkin while we are lying naked with my dark golden cock in hir white M.I.T. hand on hir tropical island.

I know, I know I'm rambling off to Digitown again. But don't you get it?

I'm giving you the Low-Down, High-Five, True-Story about 19th Century Law & Order Physics which created the mechanical reality you inhabit. And you don't care? Ike Newton didn't even realize that matter is just frozen digital information. Temporary cloud clusters of order in this infinite, seething universe of Chaotics.

Charlie Darwin was another obsessive-compulsive autistic. Your classic Male-Macho-Law & Order-control-freak who could not deal with the chaotic flux of the real quantum-female world. Charlie D. is this scared bean-counter, like Dustin Hoffman, solemnly praising the Kingdom of the Lord, trying to please Queen Victoria.

The massive-momentum British Queen of



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the factory-empire is this Charles Darwin, yapping incessantly about "natural selection." Did you ever ask yourself in the quiet, still of the night what this "survival of the fittest" was about? Be street smart, Art, and ask the Bar Tender this question: who is this heavy dude "Mr. Darwinian Fittest" that is gonna survive in the British empire?

Who? Well, it just happens to be the Macho Dude who makes the most babies. So Mr. Darwinian male-man, just pull out your penetration stinger and run around the neighborhood sticking, sticking, sticking it into every docile egg female you can knock

down, squirt sperm into, and knock up! Quantity, man! Clone yourself. Assembly Line Sperm Spray. More of you! Breed your seed. Your selfish genes.

If Newton were alive today he'd be confined to a mental hospital like Dustin Hoffman. Isaac Newton was the fanatic defender of having no sense of humor!

Ditto for Darwin.

So now you understand why such childlike personalities could never supply you with a cosmology that works at the level of street smarts or quantum interactions? Could never get you room and board or a squeeze of some god-given ass in some fast-track, speed-of-light David Bowie bar-room in the real fast-feedback world that every body wants to be in for at least a night or two in his life? Revival of the Fittest-Fastest. Liars and hypocrites excepted. Don't answer back to me. Speak to Bet Fredkin in the MIT Physics department.

Like Newton was a dismal lover. Slow. Heavy. Predictable. Mechanical. Score him zero in the tender interactive communication department. That's why this Steven Hawking sits in the "Isaac Newton Wheelchair" at Cambridge, England.

Hey, these guys all talk about "laws!" to show where their head's at..

Laws! Like some FBI supreme court judges!

The Newtonian laws are local ordinances. They are repealed by algorithms. If only they knew!

No wonder they couldn't get laid.

So I lie there on the sand in this tropical island, making a skin sandwich with Brandan Laurel and egg splattered over my slim, tan body, damp with tequila, looking up at the stars and listening to Bet Fredkin, the first WoMan to figure out the Pythagorean 0/1 Nature of the Universe, telling me and Brandan, sprawled naked inbetween us, that all God's children have algo-rhythms.

That's what I keep telling Andy Warhol. That's why he's so interested in keeping his brain from being eaten by rust, worms, maggots, gravity, natural selection, termites, entropy, accountants, you name it!

Of course, from the standpoint of Quantum Psychology, all this Newtonian-Engineer, male-macho, white-man, Anglo-Saxon bragging about force, mass, momentum, and energy, and all this Methodist whining about entropy, and all this Protestant sniveling about the universe winding down is really just 19th century tech-mech Worship of Frozen Realities.

Professor Arel (Bimbo) Lucas taught me that. "Matter," SHe says, tossing hir blonde hair with a seductive twitch of hir head, "is digital information temporarily trapped in molecular structure. Free the Quarks." Roll over James Joyce.

And, speaking of Bimbos, don't start with me, fussing feminism about using the dreaded "B" word. It was Arel herself who said, "I love it when you call me Bimbo, Huck. Please keep doing it!" Do you know why? Because no one in hir right mind, or elsewhere (except me, of course) had ever called Professor Arel "Bimbo" because SHe happens to be the smartest, best informed, brilliant head on the planet, in spite of it being blonde and hirself as cute as a chorus girl. SHe has Apache blood, you know, which accounts for the cheek-bones and the luminous Hiawatha-vaginal eyes. Meanwhile, SHe runs rings, mentally speaking, around everyone at the M.I.T. nano-tech conference, including Eric Drexler, the Father of It All himself.

LOS ANGELES PRESS
**GIRL FOUND GUILTY
OF BREAKING LAW
OF GRAVITY!**

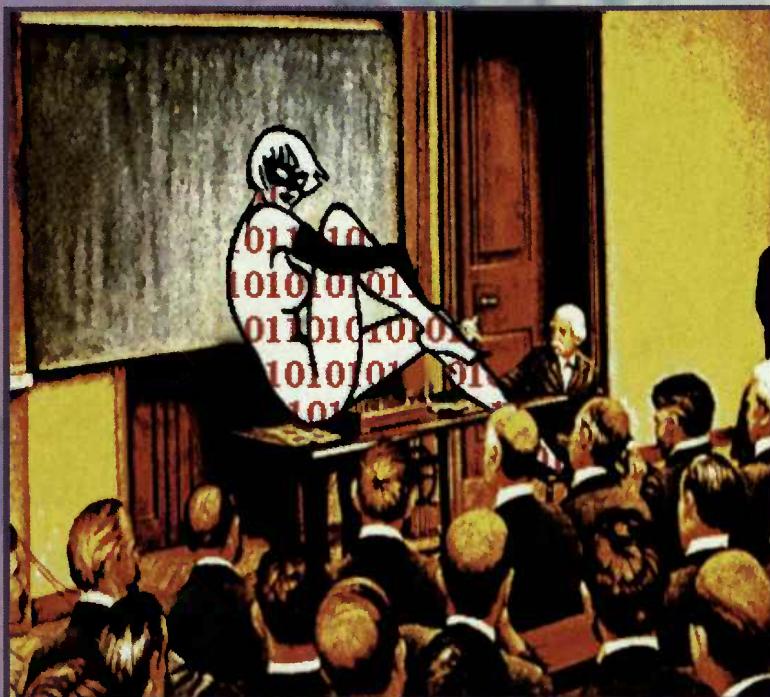


"CRIME OF MILLENIUM!" SAYS DA

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Long legs! Trim little ass. Blonde pubic hairs poking out, "Hello-Mello-Fello!"

Saucy, perky tits! You're thinking "how des he know about hir private parts?" Well, Mr. Nosey Body, I eyed her fondly, as she swam in the pool at the hotel in Los Alamos during the



Artificial Life Conference where SHe again dazzled the assembled high-tekkies with hir theories on "Memes, Memetics, and the Memetic Code" to the extent that I, while in the hotel bar, regrettably and very drunkenly described the whole conference as "The Blonde leading the Blind and the Bland." Mementic mori.

Oh boy! Low is me!

It's when word like this leaks out in the scientific community that I get this Oscar Wilde bad rep from big-shot publishers like Nicky Schwartzbrugge (aka Negroponte) of *Wired* magazine, or Stewart Brand of the *Hole Earth Review* (who I once called Stewart Bland). Oh boy. They made me pay for that, rest insured!

These scientists are nothing else but a flock of gibbering old bureaucratic queens

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squabbling about their big Computer-IBM-Media-Robotics-Artificial-VR Laboratory funding grants from the Pentagon Offense Department!

Robots marching out of MIR

Of course this is the opinion of me and not the sponsors.



FROM: SUSAN SARANDON
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON DU PONT
SUBJ: YOUR OBSESSIONS

HUCK, WE ARE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR INCARCERATION IN THIS MENTAL HOSPITAL. WE HAVE MANAGED TO GET THE POTENCY CLINIC TO DROP CHARGES, AND APPARENTLY YOU HAVE STOPPED HARASSING THE BRAIN BANK WITH YOUR IMPERSONATIONS OF REPORTERS AND YOUR IMPERSONATION OF MICHAEL JACKSON! PLEASE!

BOB GROVES OF THE HERALD EXAMINER HAS AGREED NOT TO PRESS A FORMAL COMPLAINT ABOUT YOUR IMPERSONATING HIM—TO PRESERVE HIS OWN REPUTATION! WE THINK YOU SHOULD DROP YOUR OBSESSIONS ABOUT THE BRAIN BANK, AND PLEASE STAY AWAY FROM THEIR PREMISES.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON DU PONT
TO: SUSAN SARANDON
SUBJ: RE: YOUR OBSESSIONS

No problem, gang.

As we say in Parisian street-rap language, "Pas problem, mon ami!"

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For several very good reasons I won't be visiting the Soul Slicer Department any-more-any-more.

Girl Scout's Honor!

Do you know why?

Ha. Ha. I have recently recruited a key-informant from the very juicy Belly of the Beast.

A double Agent in my info-net!

Okay. You want facts and details...

It so seems that there's this certain, free-agent, private contracting, Autopsy-Technician I bumped into (gently) at the Brain Bank named Bobby, with whom I have had some brief non-verbal communication batting eye-balls back & forth. ("Optical introductions" is one of my specialties.)

Okay, to make a short story long...

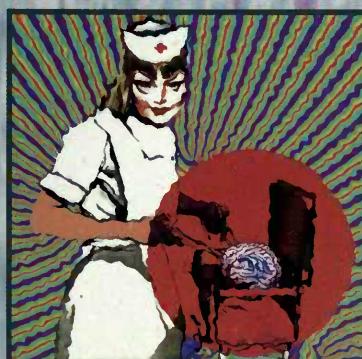
Ha ha!

Guess who shows up in my hospital room last midnight just to Chit-Chat with me but Autopsy Technician Bobby!

"Chat" is the French word for Pussy, by the way. "Chit" is the Liverpool jargon for Call-Boy, or Call-Girl as the case may be.

We hit it off just fine, right off the bat, me and Bobby, if you know what I mean. So! In a relaxed and mellow mood, as I know well how to provide, this Autopsy Technician Bobby tells me that she has not missed a deadline in the 10 years she has been performing house-calls for the Brain Bank.

"I'm fast. I'm neat, and I'm clean," said Autotech Bobby





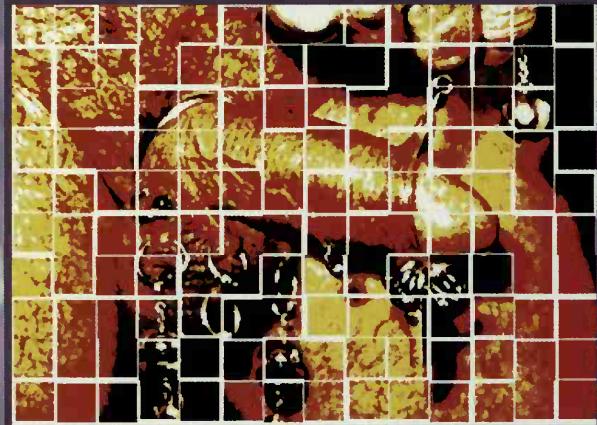
(a pseudonym), 37. "All I need is a flat surface."

Ho! Ho! Ho! I know we have all heard that come-on line from delightful late night technicians, 911 or elsewhere.

But-but, this Bobby is something special.

And this Bobby is tantalizingly attractive, if you like a certain damp, clammy, morbid, coprophiliac twang to your erotic life, which I do now and then, within the limits of common-sense, you know.

It was Bobby who asked me in this serious voice if I knew the difference between a Willy and a Prick.



I said "no," dutifully.

"Well," says Bobby, twinkling her eye-balls, "A WILLY is this wonderful, firm, warm, strong pulsing organ designed to give pleasure and unspeakable ecstasy to a WoMan".

"Hmmm," I reply softly. I am thinking of other recipients of this pleasure.

"And what about the Prick," I reply softly.

"Oh," she says with this sly smile. "A Prick is the individual who owns one."

Then Bobby starts babbling about her profession: for House Call Autopsy Technicians harvesting fresh souls, the telephone beeper can come at the most inopportune moments.

Bobby can be dressed in a black sheer silk blouse featuring her moist pink cleavers in the middle of a dinner party...

Or, she can be skinny dipping in Barry Diller's bladder-shaped pool, or swelling her triceps

and flirting about while working-out at Gym's Place...

Or she can be partying with the sexiest WoMan in Hollywood, the Fallen Angel Tanya Roberts, at star-trash spots in Brentwood. Or she can be romancing in Johnny Depp's famous satin bedroom before dropping by his equally notorious, scandalous Viper Room (2633 Sunset Boulevard) to listen to the luscious pagan goddess, Beverly de Angelo, singing her fabulous background lounge blues-ballads.

Once In a While

Will you give one little thought to me
though some else may...
A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces
an airline ticket to romantic places...

But when the beeper beeps (!), Bobby hops into hir lover's Honda (it uses less gas than hir pickup truck) and heads for the hospital or nursing home.

Then she shows me this beaten-up doctor's satchel, where she carries the tools of her trade: an electric bone saw with a 2-inch blade, a hammer, chisel, scalpel, and scissors.

This wily little fox sneaked into my ward, dressed in a surgical scrub gown and cap, plastic apron and shoe covers. I promptly start removing these one by one, starting with the plastic apron...the white shoes...the white stockings...

Slowly, gently down her smooth moist legs... eventually exposing, limb by limb, her warm, moist, complaisant epidermis.

Which bliss leads me to murmur in her trembling open-ear, the cheery query "Hmmmmmm. Tell me, hmmmmmm. Sweet Bobby-Poo. Do you know the difference between a Pussy and a Cunt?"

"Tell me, Tell me," she murmurs wiggling around deliciously.



"Well," I say, "A **Pussy** is this warm, soft, moist, wise, embracing, pulsing organ, designed to give *hir* lover (guy or girl) the ultimate ecstatic pleasure."

"Oh yes, oh yes," she gasped in pleasure. "Yes. Yes. Yes."

Well, one thing leads to another and we get carried away.

Later, she continues to idly tell me about her job. It seems she can remove a soul and spinal cord, weigh them, bag them, place them in a Styrofoam cooler the size of a six-pack of beer, and sew the body back up in 20 to 30 minutes, depending mainly upon the obesity of the patient.

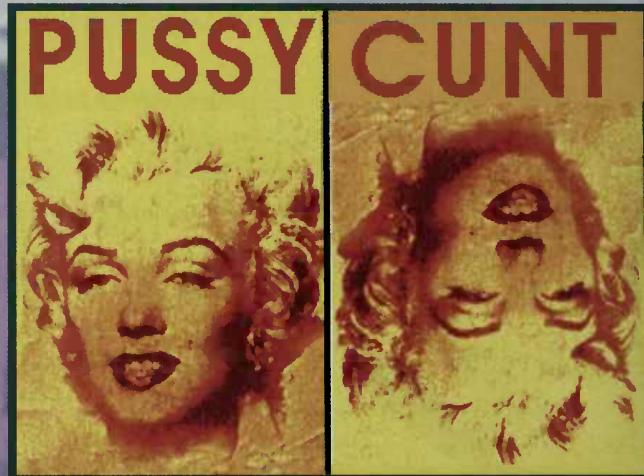
Bobby, who earns \$200 per brain harvest, says that she has never met Dr. (soul-slicer)

Sidney Cohen or Dr. Thomas (celebrity-mortician) Noguchi or Dr. Ron (drunken-animal) Segal, but still believes the work is important.

Then she looks at me tenderly, and whispers, "Oh yes, how about the cunt?"

"Oh, a **cunt** is the wily-wise, sophisticated individual who owns one," I reply with this wicked laugh.

And then we fall to stroking and poking and wiggling and giggling and then Bobby asks me if I know the difference between a



slut and a bitch.

"Tell me, tell me, mmmm," I murmur.

"Listen", she whispers. "A **Slut** is this good-looking, fun-loving, horny dude, who adores WoMen, loves to pleasure them, and is a push-over for any sexy person who comes along."

"Doooooooooooh Yeeeeaaaaah," I say. "And what about a **Bitch**?"

"A **Bitch** is an individual who will fuck anyone and everyone.....except you!"

Which reminded me, of course, of this student nurse, this Amy Lou Boscovitch, the **Bitch!** Who got me, a bed-ridden, flat-on-my-back, immobile patient, busted for titillating her sexually! But more about that later.

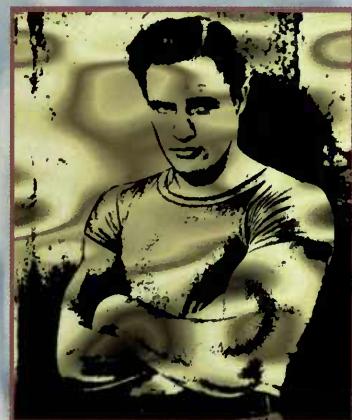
Meanwhile, saucy **Bobby** pulls out this bumper-sticker on which Clementia Ramirez, a registered nurse and co-manager of the Soul Bank, sums up the bank's philosophy (excuse the expression).

The Bumper Sticker says...

"DON'T TAKE YOUR ORGANS TO HEAVEN.
HEAVEN KNOWS WE NEED THEM HERE."

No shit.

I leave it to you, Bro, to imagine what **Bobby** brought me in the Styrofoam cooler that helped us while the night away. And how!



FILE 15

A LITTLE VACATION TO CYBERIA



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON YON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: STATUS REPORT?

HUCK, LET ME REPEAT, WE ARE VERY CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR PRESENT STATUS. WE NEED YOU FOR SEVERAL IMPORTANT MISSIONS.

CAN YOU GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER AND GO ON THE ROAD SOON?



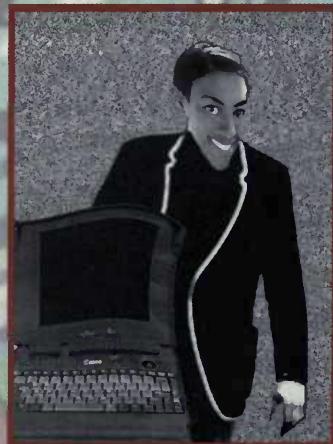
FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON YON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: RE: STATUS REPORT?

Well, as you can plainly see, my Digital Me, your loyal servant, ROM-HUC, am jacked-back-in to your pleasant little sector of Cyberia. Courtesy of this incredible CANON NOTE-JET III 986C.

And that's a plus.

True, for the moment, in this Hard World my bones are still held against my will in this Disease Warehouse called a Hospital.

Rest insured.



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In the Virtual Cyber Realities of the Real World, I've been dallying in many other zones of Cyberspace, wildly, with a Psybernetic/Cyberdelic pack of very hush-hush German hackers who pull off wild, cyber-punk capers like penetrating the American Military Computer Net and NATO Cyberias.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

TO: ALL

SUBJ: RE: STATUS REPORT?

You may have read about how these German hackers got busted for rustling secrets for the former KGB. They admitted doing it partly for the money but mostly for the drugs. I asked my cyberpunk friends about this curious accusation and they said, "damn right." It turns out that everyone in the European Aspionage Fraternity knows about the Russian cocaine. It turns out that the heirs to the KGB make the purest and best foot in the world and use it widely to bribe agents. Figures, doesn't it?

Then I wander down south and jack-in to the Vatican City Computer Net.

Actually some pretty funky quarks there. These young, and apparently cute priests, completely amusing clerical perverts who enjoy digitizing really wild-kinko Artificial Realities, aka Virtual Theologies.

You wonder why I was surprised by these horny young priests?

Call me naive and I agree!



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TO: HOWARD HALLIS
FROM: TIMOTHY LEARY
SUBJECT: CYBERPUNK KIDS?

Well, Howard, here you finally betray your mushy innocent little boy side. If there is one. The text calls for cool, black-leather German Cyberpunks infiltrating the CIA, betraying their country for KGB cocaine. And you give us two squeaky-clean Sunday school kids, beaming with virtue. Can we punk them up a bit? Or a lot?

TL



TO: TIMOTHY LEARY
FROM: HOWARD HALLIS
SUBJECT: RE: CYBERPUNK KIDS?

No problema. With mucho pleasure.

H.



I never realized that the producers and main stock-holders of the Catholic God Franchise that has been running the west-world for fifteen hundred years or more are all Italians!

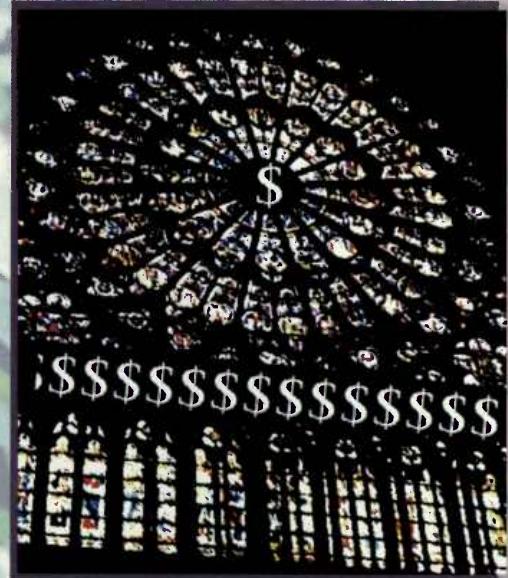
A 1000 years ago these Italians ran the West-World-Wide Virtual Reality Show, from Istanbul in the East, through the Balkans, Southern Europe, Northern Europe, and the British Islands. These Vatican wizards designed and operated the World-Wide Virtual Realities that 60 million people inhabited, and they did it with Italian multi-media effects. Ciminos! Michelangelos! De Niro! Raphaels! Scorseses! Piero della Francescas! Bertaluccis! Botticellis! Fellinis! Leonardo da Vincis! Coppolas! Di Caprios!

They built these enormous dark, towering, immersive cathedrals with heaven-high ceilings and other worldly expanses. These giant empty spaces have no practical use. They are designed to produce in the beholder this awesome sense of being in another world. The Palace of God. Yeah! Stained glass. The Rose window of Chartres' bigger than a barn, retinal design. The Eye of God flooding the cathedral with shimmering colors. Candles reflecting off Gold..Diamonds...Gold Chalices...Jewels reflecting from Tiara-Crowns...House of the Lord...Thy Kingdom Come..Thine is the Power and the Glory.

Priests, Monseigneurs, Bishops, Arch-Bishops, Cardinals, Popes. Saints with gleaming-neon halos, unearthly bone-rattling sounds, booming. Bells pealing. The Arch Angels. Organ tones reverberating. Gregorians chanting. Incense. Tiny bells tinkling. The College of Cardinals. St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. The walls seething with paintings by the great masters. Dominico de Pizza. Sistine Stallone, Giotto.

And the Pope, Numero Uno. This mafia Don dressed in elegant drag, standing way up there on his high balcony looking down at 500,000 faithfules, standing reverently on their knees.

These churches and cathedrals entertained and programmed minds during the Middle Ages



the way TV designs the realities that we docile peasants inhabit today.

And who could argue with it? Hey, who could resist the appeal of the sponsors of this grandiose universe? Top Stars, the Brightest Stars of the millennium:

VIRGIN MOTHER!

The Bleeding Heart of
JESUS!

ST. JOSEPH!

The Patron Saint of Safe Sex. The spermless fuck!

POPE JOHN PAUL II

THE HOLY FATHER

And how about that crazed crone, the shriveled virgin
MOTHER THERESA.

Here is a female adult who is the global voice for this misogynist doctrine which demonizes women who are pro-choice and thoughtful about pregnancy, birth control, and abortion. How can this ancient hag who has never had sex, let alone children, claim to be a "Mother"?

And how about this obvious fact—every Catholic Priest who takes a vow of virginity and never has intercourse gets called

FATHER

And the virgins who take the vow of chastity and poverty are
SISTERS

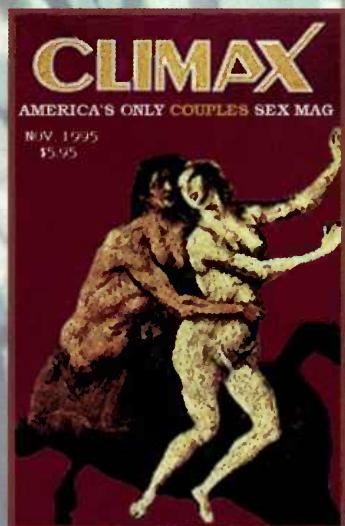
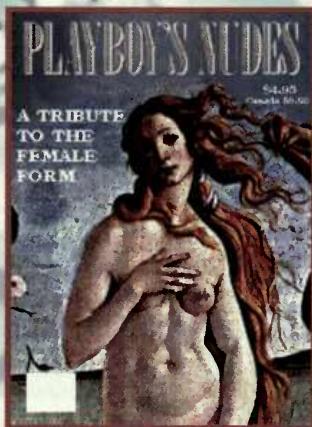
And the lower-level male-monks are
BROTHERS

The Vatican Library, meanwhile, possesses the biggest pornography collection in the world.

Eat your heart out, Hustler Larry Flynt, and Playboy Hugh Hefner, Penthouse Bob Guccione, and Judge Dredd Clarence Thomas.

Porn throughout the ages confiscated by the Inquisition-censors and filed in the Vatican Data Banks...And now a new generation of young Jesuit hackers are digitizing and editing these steaming graphix! And they are telecommuting this hot stuff around the cyber-nets!

I mean you can't believe how these Italian Holy Fathers who have taken vows of poverty, chastity, and masturbation, get off on heavy-breathing digital erotics, scanning and editing these books in the Vatican Library.



These young robed Italianos are beyond X-ratings into Y and Z, splashing stuff on my screen that I never... in my lustiest porn-dreams...

But it's okay because they consider computer-sex just "impure thoughts" which they consider a minor misdemeanor offense, a Venial Sin. Like phone sex. What would you expect from heavy-breathing Italians?

According to these playful Jesuits in the Vatican, Plato's "ideas" were a pre-tech metaphor of the cyber-realities we put on our screens, of which the tech-mech material world is imperfect simulacra. Plato as Cyber-punk. That would amuse me...if I knew what it meant.

Simulacra? Sounds kinky to me...

Meanwhile, these Berlin cyberpunks zap me, flying in formation into the NATO and the Ukrainian hush-hush defense data banks, as I explained before. You see there's this continual idea-traffic among the European and Russian military hackers who, since there are no

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national borders in Cyberspace, get their kicks doing in the Flash-world what they can't do in the Flesh-world.

The kids of Russian agents are the wildest cyber-trash, to coin a phrase. So we are trying to avoid the most nasty, virusy I.C.E. emitted by Interpol, meanwhile issuing official Russian VISA-permits for this All-Girl Leningrad transvestite rock band called "Ruby's Ruin" to Berlin, while arranging for the Ruskie-Bank to send rubles to Hamburg.



FROM: SUSAN SARANDON
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: ICE

DEAR HUCK, SOME OF OUR ON-LINE VIEWERS DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY I.C.E.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: RE: ICE

I sure feel good! Thanks to Mother Prozak & St. Mary Xanax.

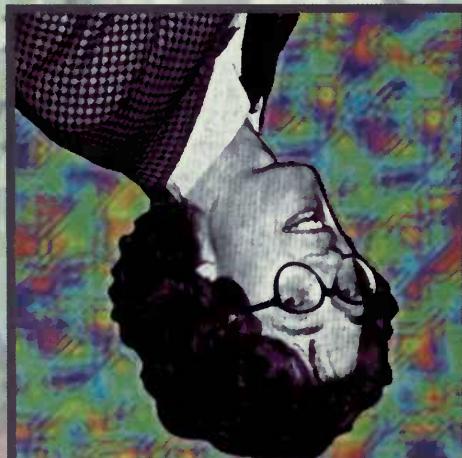
The term "I.C.E." was invented by William Gibson in his novel "Neuromancer."

It means "Intrusion Countermeasures Electronics."

By the way, my wet-dreams, both day and night, are haunted by my need to meet Thomas Pynchon and Mark Twain and Edgar Allan Poe in the flesh or on the Net.

William Gibson agrees.

How can Thomas Pynchon, the most important writer of our time, yours truly & present company



excluded, disappear from public view?

They should have this weather-type announcer come on television every night and say "It's midnight, September 1, 1999. Fair and warmer. When is the last time you heard from your Nation's Greatest Author, Thomas Pynchon?"

Speaking of whom, my faithful cyberpunk allies out there in Cyberland, just south of the Oregon border, have just located Thomas Pynchon's residence. So as soon as I graduate from this funny-farm and take care of Andy Warhol's cryonic paper work, guess what! I'll be heading west like Dr. Livingstone to track down the elusive novelist. "Mr. Pynchon, I presume?"

Yeah bo!

It is crucially important that we acquaint Thomas Pynchon with the Hibernation/Reanimation (HibRan) Option.

Here's this guy Pynchon, owner-operator of one of the most advanced brains (souls) in history and we are expected to sit around on our hands and knees, letting worms devour the universe of data stored under Wanda Tinasky's bridge?

Speaking of the sex and drug habits of wild animals, this hacker named Bobby Newmark out of Denver, Colorado, came online to expose yet another kinko plot on the part of power-crazed engineering doctors, scalpel-crazed veterinarians in this case, who have volunteered to perform vasectomies on the parts of the city's male beavers, and tubal ligations on the city's female beavers.

WANTED FOR DESERTION & CHILD SUPPORT



WANDA

TINASKY

LAST SEEN:
GRAVITY'S RAINBOW BAR
IF FOUND:
CONTACT THE TRISTERO

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FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: -none-

HUCK, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO YOUR IMAGINATION, THE ALCOR FOUNDATION MUST REGRETFULLY PASS ON YOUR CURRENT CRUSADE TO PROTECT MALE AND FEMALE BEAVERS FROM... CLITERECTOMIES AND YASECTOMIES.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: re: -none-

Not so fast. Trust me. This fiendish plan is part of an experimental program run by the Colorado State Wildlife Commission to save Denver's trees.

As a dutiful student of Michael Foucault's semiotic school, both day and night, ha, ha, I call your attention to the really ominous term "Wildlife Commission."

Yay bo! Foucault told me one drunken night in Paris, if memory serves me, that "The words we emit ('Les paroles nous emittions') are like sky-writing."

He waves his tipsy, limp wrist towards the sky over the Bois du Boulogne. "Our words lay down garish, flamboyant, shockingly visible comet-trails of our mental gaseous emissions." He said in rough translation.

Okay, Dr. Richard Alpert. Take this term "Commissioner of Wildlife," par example.



Now here is an office

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job I might consider taking for the first time in my life. **Huck Getty Mellon von Schlebrugge, Commissioner of Wild Life!**

According to James Fitzgerald, Zoology Professor at the University of Northern Colorado, a healthy adult beaver can gobble up to 30 trees a year. He seriously believes the vasectomies and tube-tying is more humane (I love that word humane!) than putting them on birth control pills.

If seems that beavers on the pill don't act like beavers. They don't defend territories. They don't chase other beavers, they don't even practice sex.



FILE 16

A CLEAR CASE OF BEING SEXUALLY MOLESTED



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT

TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

SUBJ: ALLEGATIONS

SORRY TO REHASH OLD PROBLEMS, HUCK BUT YOUR RELEASE FROM THE MENTAL HOSPITAL IS COMPLICATED BY THIS ALLEGATION THAT YOU SEXUALLY MOLESTED A FEMALE GRADUATE STUDENT NURSE. CAN OUR LAWYERS HELP YOU ON THAT ONE?



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

TO: ALL

SUBJ: RE: ALLEGATIONS

Lawyers, as you well know, I despise.

I suspect that your criminalized lawyers have sniffed out my mal-treatment by several well-endowed medical institutions, namely by the infamous Southern California Sexual Dysfunction Clinic who cold-bloodedly electrocuted my Johnson with faulty wiring and denied me necessary medication (yohimbine), not to mention the UCLA Brain Bank who shamelessly hopes to slice my "soul" with



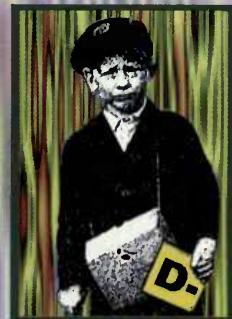
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scalpels, or this Ward of Mentally Disturbed Psychoticians that has been sexually molesting my body and soul (brain).

Talk about sexual malpractice! We could sue for millions of dollars (which I would, of course, sign over to the Cryo-Care Foundation for freezing needy reanimation patients) were it not for my hatred of malpractice lawyers who are busy creating the ultimate paranoid sue-your-ass victim society in which everyone who fucks up has a full-time lawyer who sues everyone who can conceivably be blamed for not forcibly preventing them from fucking their life up, that and failing to check their hell-bent desire to self-destruct at every stage.

This English teacher in the 4th grade, Miss Sex-Boat Della Cioppa, who gave me a D- in English thus causing me to receive dozens of rejection slips each and every month from magazines in a cycle of literary rejection that continues to this very day.

We're talking about one million dollars in royalties and film rights a year. Cash! For ten years! Ten million dollars liability for this Miss Della Cioppa, plus emotional injury.



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT

TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

SUBJ: ALLEGATIONS

HUCK, WE WERE DISCUSSING THE EPISODE IN WHICH YOU ALLEGEDLY SEXUALLY HARASSED A STUDENT NURSE, MS. AMY LOU BOSCOVICH.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

TO: ALL

SUBJ: RE: ALLEGATIONS

Well! Pardon me!

Please forgive me while I insert my head in the clinic micro-wave oven turned to "medium rare" to cool my brain-boil.

And, furthermore, we don't need your fucking legal staff to confirm that we are, indeed, dealing with a blatant case of sexual harassment. Namely of me! Perpetrated by this little, blonde, horny sex-bomb, Amy Lou Boscovich, whom my Juicy, Brain Slicer Pal, Bobby, would call a BITCH.

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Amy Lou comes bouncing, uninvited, tits jiggling, round, trim little ass gyrating into my hospital room claiming to be a student nurse. Hir story is that as part of a psychology course SHe is allegedly assigned to interview a patient, namely yours truly. We're talking 20 years old, big, shiny, blue eyes, all dimples and moist curves. Clouds of pink hormones!

I cautiously agreed to cooperate. As a Veteran of many a Gay Pride Parade, I am rightly suspicious of jiggling white girls.

So.

This wily, deceptive, wannabee psychologist-Sex-Siren begins asking me suggestive questions about my childhood and family. Taking notes on this clip-board. Leading me on erotically, as they know so well how to do. Me, languid and tranquilized to the eyeballs. In bed. Helpless, in my pajamas, to set the scene.

Hello?

Anyone awake out there in cyberswamp? Are your brains frozen alive?

Can't you hear my plain English?



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ:

HUCK! CALM DOWN ! PLEASE DON'T BE SO CROSS WITH US. GIVE US A CLUE. WE'RE TRYING TO STAY IN TOUCH.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: RE: NOTHING AT ALL

Now please meet this Psychology Intern, Student Nurse, Amy Lou Boscovich. Amy with the clip-board and the fuck-me blue eyes.

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First this horny Psychological Intern cunningly tries to get me to blab, blab, blab about my traumatic childhood.

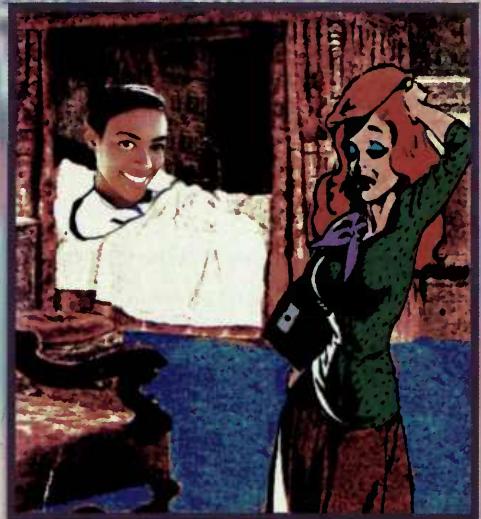
So, I catch on to hir game. SHe wants me to talk dirty, spicy, lurid, warm, juicy.

About what?

About my being a sexually molested kid. Details please.

Okay, okay. I understand your compulsion to implant false memories in my battered mind.

By now you know me well enough, Doctors Alpert & Sarandon. You know me through-and-through. About my insane, insecure reflex to tell anyone, anything they really want to know.



I mean REALLY, MS. NOSEY BODY!!

So, you want to Ear ALL! In the Hear Drum?

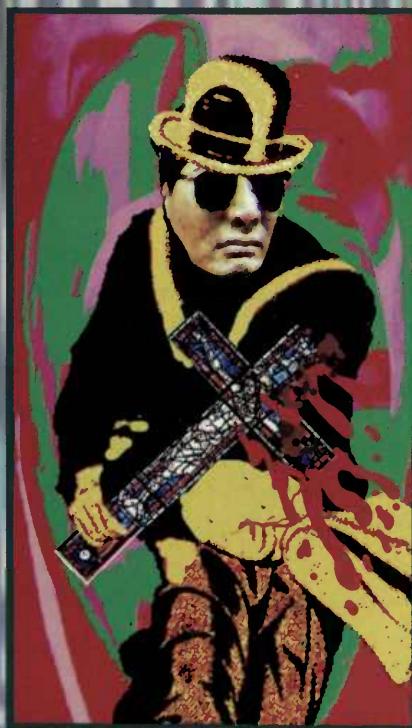
So I start telling hir about my imaginary brother Duane, who Loved Jesus and was mean and sexually abusive to me.

How he inserted various religious articles in my mouth. And elsewhere. To say the least.

Long, sharp-cornered Ivory Crucifix!

Don't talk to me about the Bleeding "Part" of Jesus.

Rosary Beads!





Golden, pure Golden candelabras, moistened by dripping wax!

Anyway, I managed to squeeze a teardrop or two in sincere, compassionate, all-embracing self-pity.

Next I jive hir about my fantasy sister Ginger.

Oh dear Sister Ginger, an imaginary psych-major, who practiced psychotherapy on me because SHe loved me so intensely.

Senorita Bossanovich is feverishly writing all this down, meanwhile, on the clip-board, you understand.

As illustration I tell hir about this time when Ginger was sixteen and I was twelve sulking in bed, depressed one evening and SHe came in to kiss me good-night and tuck me in as SHe liked to do.

And how SHe told me that SHe loved me. And SHe starts raising my self-esteem by kissing my face and rubbing and patting my body. Works like magic, just as Sigmund Fraud explained. Soft patting, tender rubbing, and tender murmurs almost always raises one's self esteem.

Well naturally, as SHe gets down there between my legs, guess what? Poor sad Mr. Happy begins to stir in self esteem.

"Oh my, what's this!" my sister Ginger gasps in surprise. "Poor baby, are you all right? So swollen. Does it hurt?"

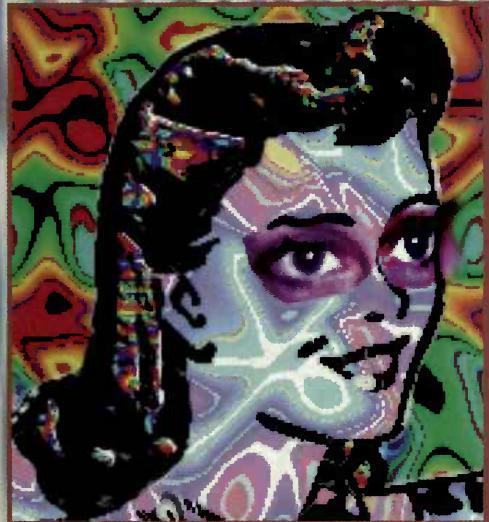
Then, pretending to be medically curious, my dear sister reaches in and shyly fishes out my painfully swollen love toy, and to dispel my anxiety and depression, starts stroking him tenderly while purring and sighing. "Ooooh. Sweet little thing. Oooooh, how soft and sweet. Don't be afraid. I love you, Huck. Ooooo, I love you, Hucky-Pucky."

At this point I look up at Amy Lou Boscovich, who is paying close attention.

To say the least.

Her blue eyes are wide with anticipation, and there's moisture on her lips, her mouth hanging open so juicy, and she is clasping, clasping the pen, point up, in her hot hand.

Forget the clip board! The saucy bitch!



"See what I mean?" I ask innocently. "My sister, Ginger, was very warm and affectionate. Emotional support is so important in these cases like mine."

Amy Lou just nods and gulps. "Poor thing. What happened?"

"Then Ginger expresses more interest in my swollen member. She clinically reaches in and pulls out my entire love unit and heaves a big, delicious sigh of emotional support and, trying to raise my morale says, "Oooooo, Huck, you poor boy! How did you get these sweet swollen, painful darlings. Oooooo, Huck, I feel such compassion for you, poor baby."

"Then what happened?" gasped Ms. Amy Lou.

"Next," I replied shyly, "Ginger, to raise my self-esteem, takes my entire attention in hir two hands, stroking and sighing and then she murmurs, 'Oooooo, Hucky, Pucky, Sucky, I love you' and bends over and begins to kiss me, moaning and purring psychological words of her accepfaunce and personal affirmation of me."

Meanwhile, I see that Amy Lou is rapt up nicely in the program, breathing fast and hir eyes now scanning down to the bulge between my legs, meanwhile licking hir lips so naively.

Then, I say how Ginger opens hir lips and very softly, oooh, oooh, puts the tip of my poor swollen painful love toy in hir warm, juicy mouth and it felt so hot! And good!

"So," say I to Amy Lou. "You see why I think that my sister was clinically therapeutic for my emotional state."



By this time Amy Lou is in some state of hypnotic bliss, hir eyes glued to the bulge in my pajamas and SHe actually resembles some horny slut, a normal happy, playful slut, drooling from hir open mouth.

So, naturally, as a friendly human being, I gently slip the pen out of hir hand and move hir palm down to get acquainted and I murmur something about how badly I need some hands-on emotional guidance to help me get over my depression.

But as soon as hir hand touches me, Amy Lou jumps up in fright, scaring me badly, I must admit. And SHe blurts out, "Oh no, Mr. Getty Mellon von Schlebrugge, I can't do that, sir."

I'm dazed, amazed, and frankly SHe has put me into a state of high anxiety. Some psychological nurse!



"Why not," I say. "Oh, Amy Lou, please! Please! My abused, battered self-esteem needs your therapeutic massage and help so much."

SHe shoots me a scared look and mumbles something about how SHe must act like a "professional."

Well, you can imagine my reaction.

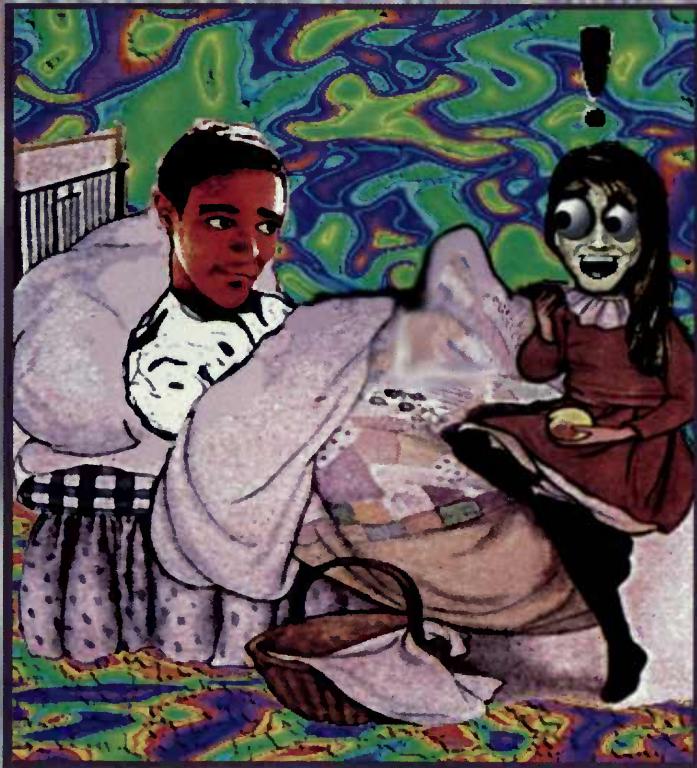
"Professional!" I scream. "Professional!" I explain, trying to be calm and control my anxiety. "No problem, Amy Lou! Forget human friendship and affection. Forget psychotherapy. If you're a professional, then, no problem!. It's me and you, Amy Lou! Just

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name your price. Visa! Master Card! Diners Club! The deal is done."

And then I unveil my love boat and wave her head down.

So SHE totally blows it. The scene, I mean.



SHE shouts hysterically (SHE's in a state of sexual frenzy herself, you know), screaming in frustrated lust until two ward attendants come rushing in and lug me off to the locked ward, once again.

So, Dr. Cryo-Care Foundation, you see why I could use some legal counsel in suing this Funny Farm for malpractice and very "un-professional" service...

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FILE 17

BOB DOS EXPLAINS HIS EROTIC REVELATION



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: ALLEGATIONS

NOT TO BE PEDANTIC, HUCK, BUT OUR ADMINISTRATIVE-LEGAL STAFF WOULD LIKE TO FINISH YOUR DEPOSITION ABOUT THE ALTERCATION AT THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SEXUAL DYSFUNCTION CLINIC AND THE APHRODISIAC SCANDAL.



YOU HAVE MAIL

Last mail check 8/1/99.

You have 72+ messages in your box.

INTERRUPT: HUCK. SIG-CENTER HAS ASKED US TO NOTIFY YOU THAT YOUR MESSAGE FILE IS JAMMED. OVER 72 SIGS FROM 34 PERSONS. MANY URGENTS!!!! & EMERGENCY FLAGS!!!



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: RE: STATUS REPORT?

Me two, Stu.

Let me scroll this Canon Note-Jet III 986C back into memory and pick up the Waxed Thread.

Oh yeah.

How my search for the Magic Elixir led to exhaustive experiments with the German scientists and playgirls which produced no valid leads in the afrodisiac sector...

One good thing did happen in Hamburg. The night before my flight back to the USA, the Baron and Mrs. Hans Thyssen took me to their penthouse for this very exclusive (and expensive) practicum on sexual yoga and tantric erection methods conducted by a Buddhist Sage by the name of Lama Govinda, who turns out to be a distinguished Viennese psychologist aka Gunther Steil and his tantric mate, Rianne Sun, which is the Tibetan term for Eternal-Solar-Cunt-Illumination-Orgasm, loosely translated. So they say.

Whew! Anyway, as I always say, don't knock it 'til you clock it. Don't shelve it 'til you delve it. Don't be square; be fair. Two times, at least.

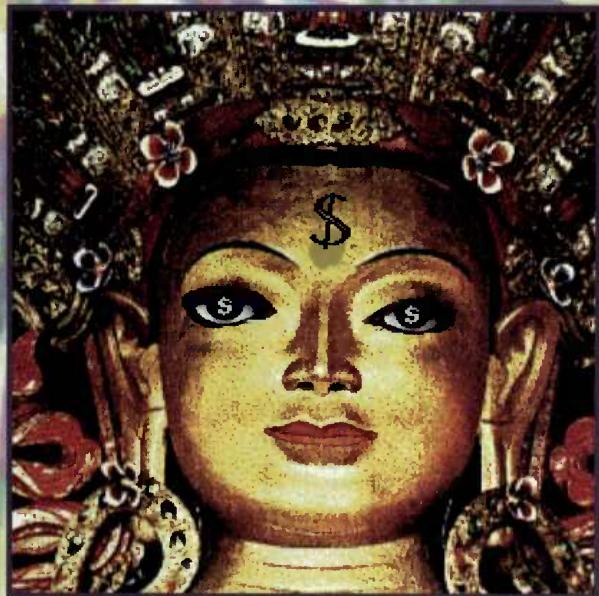
The laboratory, need I say more, is this luxurious villa with harem-type furnishings and lots of candle-lit rooms for devotional experimentation. One heavy duty group of experienced, suave teachers and heavy-breathing students.

Eat your heart out, Madame Claude! And as I rotate my optics around the room, I peep a most distinguished, handsome man, reeking wisdom and sophistication.

He's talking on the phone and sending me this unmistakable hello-there look. As I approach, I hear him ask if there is a message for him from Tony.

So I slide up, flick off my dark glasses, grasp his eyes with mine and murmur, "Forget about Tony," meanwhile taking the phone from his hand and hanging it up.

Well what could he do? Frankly no one except a plastic surgeon can resist my eyes, for which I paid top price.





TO: HOWARD HALLIS
FROM: TIMOTHY LEARY
SUBJECT: THOSE EYES

Howard! I am amazed and deliciously confused by the fantastic phantasms of erotic imagery my words have activated in your fertile (and obviously virile) mind.

But, hey! This scene involves upper-class-hyper-sophisticated-blonde-Euro-Trash playing around in a pent-house. And you give us this cornball clip from a Bombay porn movie. The two actors are Glue-Eyed.

Whew! I love it, But we want Blue-Eyed! Like tuxedos and evening gowns hitting the deep carpeted floor.

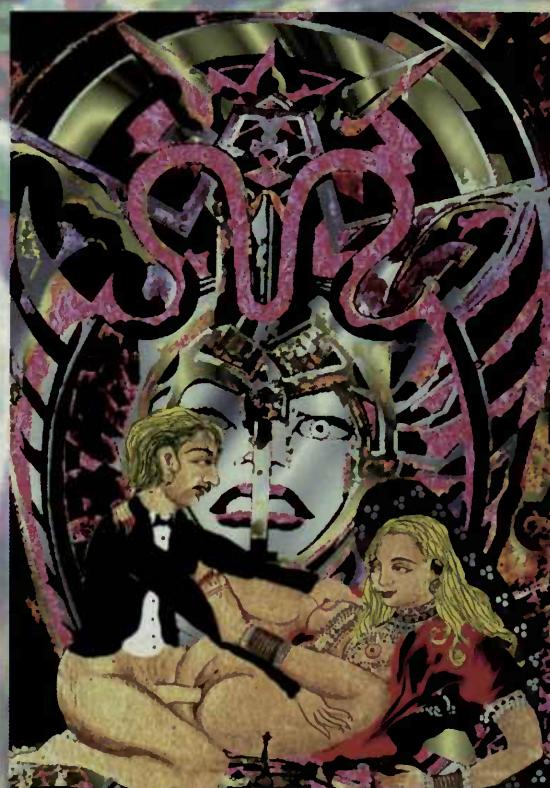
TL



TO: TIMOTHY LEARY
FROM: HOWARD HALLIS
SUBJECT: EYES

Okay. So you want Teutonic Tantrix.
You got it!

H.



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We sat down and arranged our minds for a little get acquaintance.

Lo and Be Wholed! It turns out he's a Big Dude I've been seeking to meet for ten years or more. At least.

He is this famous American Hindu Holy Man Bob Dos. Or Bobby Dos, as I came to know him, familiarly. Or Rom-Poo or Dassy-Poo, as the case turned out to be. (More on this later.)

We struck up an immediate connection in the chemistry department, as well as the spiritual, psychological, & social sectors.

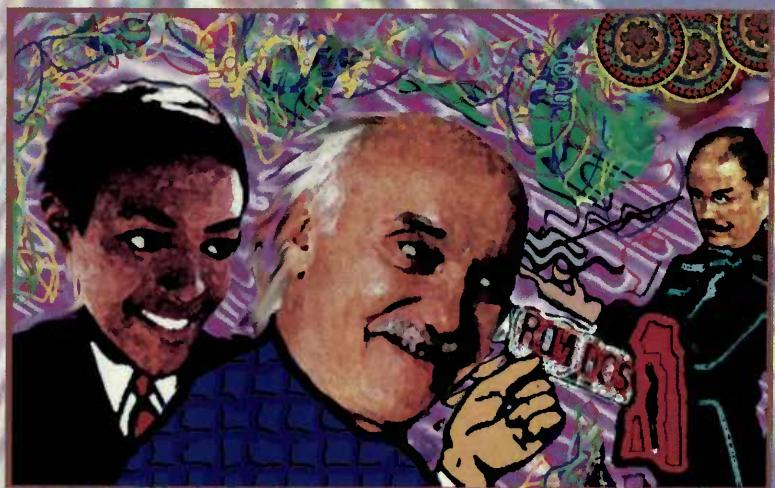
Rom Dos was well acquainted with my tutors at the Princeton Center for Advanced Subjects and at Yale University, New Haven, where Bobby D. first came to fame as director of the Psycho-Pharmaceutical Research Center.

As for myself, a diligent, amateur, unregistered hit-and-run graduate student of consciousness alteration of all manners, shapes, and forms, you can bet your left lobe that I am all ear to hear from the mouth of the Maestro, the so-called Pope (or guru) of Psychedelia.

We indulged in a fast, high-baud conversation.

This dude, Bob Dos, is fascinating. He's been around the inter-continental, bi-coastal, erotic playgrounds a time or two, charming insecurities and bubbling this boyish need-to-please. Why not!

So what! Jam it! Ram it! Bobby D! Anyway I'm ready to sign up for the Be-Here-Now Cruise but Dr. B. R. D. has already recruited a devotee for this particular night, namely this sloe-eyed Egyptian individual who actually was impersonating a waiter.





So, we have to settle for the "Be-There-Then" cruise.

Bob and me soulfully exchange digits and agree to continue. Dos did lets it slip that he is flying back to New York at 11:00 am the next day.

Yeah. Well, let me pass for now. All I can do, at this moment of total defeat, is get out of this psycho-cage. To get me out, you need my deposition about the afrodisiac brutality for the lawyers.

I know. Help! I just phoned down to the nurse station for some anti-depressant.

HELP BLACK

DEPRESSION!!

Hold on...

WILD

COLORS!!!!


FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: RE: STATUS REPORT?



PROZAC! Okay!

So! Back at my hotel I wire my Canon NOTE-JET III 986C into the phone system and make a few calls. I find out the number of the flight Bobby Dos is taking to New York and arrange to

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have his ticket bumped up from Business Class to First in the seat next to mine.

I wish I could flash you graphix of Bobby Rom's face when he is led with much bowing to his new First Class seat with me waiting. We promptly fall in each others' charms and proceed to get lashed on champagne, flashed on pharmaceutical anti-freeze.

When! I idly pop...

The Big Afro-Di Question. Zoom! He eagerly lurches into this amazing tale about this famous Yale Drug Research Project.

Bobby Dos tells me about this group of English writers who went to India after World War II to study Hinduism and found these herbs that had been used by yogis for 1000's of years to fine-tune brain-chaotics.

To expand consciousness!

To say the least!

These hot-shot, white writers—Al Huxley, Arthur Koestler, Edgar Allen Watts, Christopher Isherwood, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Harry Stack Sullivan...decide that England is Darth Vadered out!

The future? It's happening in the good old USA. These Heavy-Hip-Hop-Heads decide to colonize the Natives.

So, they move to Los Angeles and initiate this deep-cover espionage-plot by upper-class Englishmen to dissolve the Mind and Consciousness of the American people into big rainbow waves of chaotics and reprogramming.

Steve, please me! Believe Me!

I am by now hanging by my teeth, ears, nails, and eye-lashes on every word of this Hindo trickster, Bob Rom Dos who knows so well how to tall-tell tall-tails to gullible peasant natives, including yours truly.

"Who are these hip dope pushers?" I ask.



Dos giggles, which he is wont to do, and tells me stories about these names of which I have heard tell. Like Al Huxley (Doors of Deception) and Louisa Alcott (Hashish Tales of Little Women), and Cary Grant, and Colin Wilson, and Walter Scott (uncle of Ridley & Tony), and Tania Coleridge, grand-daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who wrote the lyrics to that famous Beatles song which Bobby Rom, pretty hashed by now, starts tipsily singing about "In Xanadu did Kubrick Cohen a stately pleasure dome decree, where Ralph the sacred river ran through dum-dum dum-dum-dum down to the dum-dum see."

"Hey, man," I say, "Cary Grant? You're just splitting infinitives, man."

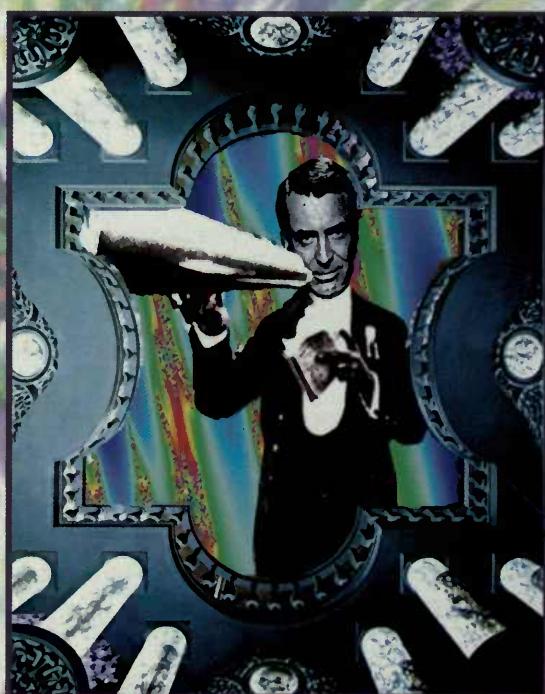
But Bob just giggles more and swears to me that Cary Grant was the spokesman for this Altered States Chaos Recreation colony in Hollywood, raving around Hindu-wise, and come to think of it, I do recall some such incredible gossip shit, but attributed it to a crude scandal from the National Enquirer with whom I have had a bad mention or two, to say the beast.

"So enlighten me, Oh Bobby Dos," say I, "How?"

"How what?" he replies.

"How do these Brit clits propose to scramble America's mind, if one exists?"

Hey! This Bob Dos Dude has got answers. I gotta give him that!

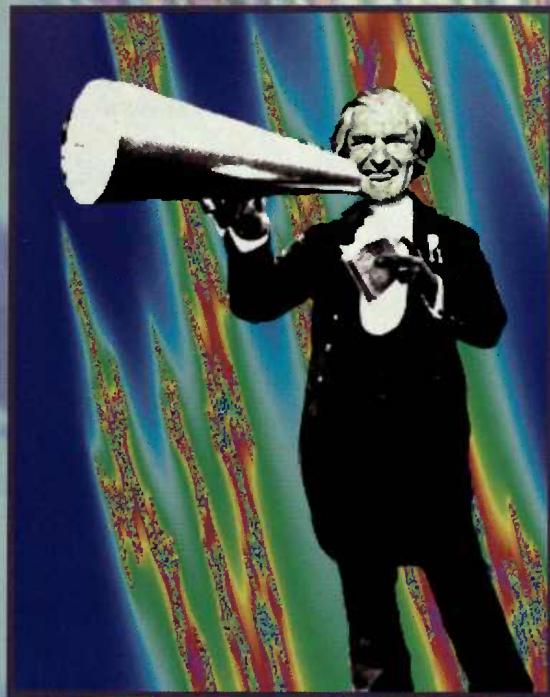


He says that these Brits went around giving these Altered States to the opinion-makers. You know, painters, musicians, professors, intellectuals, writers, socialites. They cunningly decided that if they can convert big-shots at places like Yale & Harvard to their weirdo Hindu style then the Rest will follow.

So they manage to cleverly turn-on this hot-shot psychologist at Harvard who immediately buys their line and becomes their mind slave. This square professor, whom we shall discreetly

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call The Coach for legal reasons plus caution advised by Bob Dos (I suspect because of the heavily incriminating evidence that The Coach has on Dos.)



Well The Coach, aka The Boy Scout, it seems, takes one fake of these Altered States. And, wham-bam, goes bananas!

Give a square Harvard professor one hit of high life and then you try to keep him down in the class room? Good luck!

So The Coach runs around the Lively League telling everyone about these Altered States that can give instant illumination, scramble your brain, and cure the world like some Magic Bullet, ready or not.

And everyone listens! No shit! These academic white-men are so sober and bored that they listen to anyone who comes along with a scientific excuse for doing something new, like making poison gas or nuclear bombs or lying down on a couch to talk dirty or researching the effects of mind-fuck drugs. Getting high for science? Hey, Jay, the line forms on the right.

Especially when The Head Coach starts claiming instant psychoanalysis and instant mystic illumination which Bob Dos actually says is possible, if you know what you are doing, as usual.

So Bob Dos watches while this Yale Altered States Research project studies the reactions of 1,000 subjects to Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disordered States.

And it's all legal!

These sessions at Yale were designed for Chaos Engineering, Self-discovery, Philosophic Shit. So the sessions happen in groups. Serious, middle class white



people soberly sit around with their clothes on in the Waiting Room of the Goddess.

"So!" says Rom Dos, "The set and the setting are emphasized...Insight! Revelation! Illumination! Mind change! Conscious expansion! Visions!"

And then, the wily Rom Dos smiles and winks at me. "And, Huck, there was never a mention of You-Know-What!"

Figures, doesn't it?

Bob Dos confesses to me, sitting in First Class on this Pan Am flight, that he felt like an impure, immoral klutz because while all these educated white people are raving about god and buddha, poor old Dos always gets trapped in sexual fantasies, hallucinating clouds of penises, swimming pools full of pussies, palm-trees with coconut tits dripping milk.

And lurid visions of everything fucking everything else.

Continents, for examples, fucking!

Inscrutable Asia bumping and grinding the Himalayas into the writhing Ganges-cunt of India!

And Africa belly-dancing bare-ass for Europe!

The Gulf of Mexico sucking Cuba's cock!

Oceans of salty sperm!

Poor Bobby thinks he is a sick, crazy pervert until this slick, worldly, tri-sexual, unbearably cute psychiatrist of the African-American persuasion who is a Medical Consultant for the project, takes him aside one day and says, "Hey, Professor, what kind of scam are you pulling off here?"

Prof. Rom Dos pretends to be shocked and confused. "What could you possibly be talking about, Dr. Jefferson?"



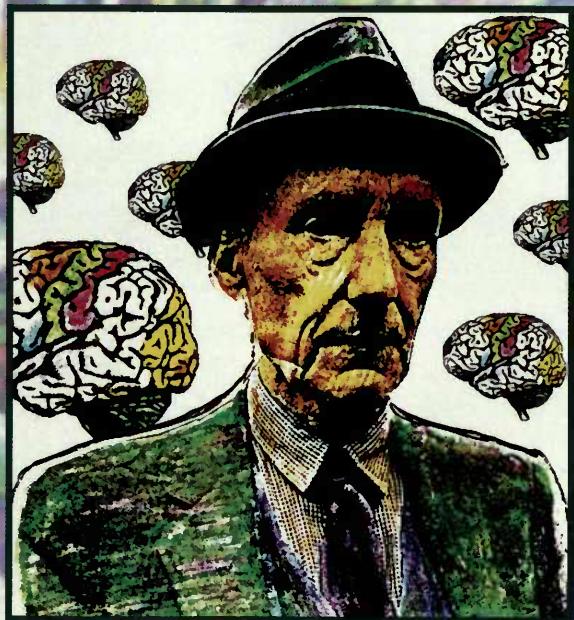


Dr. Jefferson puts his finger in his cute mouth and murmurs, "Sure psychedelics can turn off your mind and access any circuit in your brain..."

Butt, face the fax, Max. You scientists are turning on the most powerful sexual organ in the universe! The brain!"

Then Bobby Dos describes how other sophisticated people come trooping up to Yale to get high for science, most of them of the tri-sexual gender with street smarts like Beatniks, and tip everyone off to the secret. The philosopher, Gerald Heard. The beatnik-gay poet, Albert Ginsberg. The Buddhist sage, Edgar Alan Wafts. And the great Wizard of All, none other than William S. Burroughs who has logged more time tripping around his battered brain than anyone since Marco Polo.

Now dig this totally cool cat, Burroughs, sitting there in his fedora hat, listening to The Coach and the researchers babbling about "chaos engineering," and "behavior change," and "transcendental bliss," and shaking their hip-heads and snarling about ersatz-love in faculty-club slop-buckets and how there are many hostile territories in the chaotic dimensions of the right brain.



So be wise and well-armed when you leave the tame civilization of your little, middle-class mind. The Western folk hero, Kneel Cassady, made no bones about it. How is it that poets and mystics and musicians and fun-lovers have known about fuck-pills for centuries? Cassady, with his 24 hour-a-day hard on, shouting about how marijuana, hashish, and mushrooms are powerful afrodisiacs, for those smart enough to know. Or care.



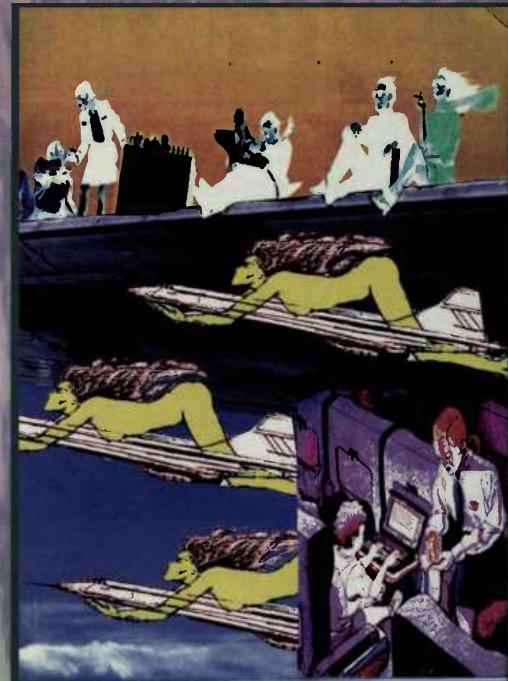
FILE 18

EROTIC ENGINEERING & SAD
PARADOXES OF BRAIN FUCKING

FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: BRAINS AND THE SOUL

Now it turns out that my cybertricksters in Germany have arranged for us to have this reserved First Class section of AIR FRANCE totally to ourselves, thanks due to certain Quarks in the computerized reservations department.

And the Paris-based cabin crew, Claude, Bruce, and Marie are more than ready to join in our festivities. Claude, had been forewarned of possible trouble, of course, since I knew him already from previous encounters in the sky. Bruce is a big fan of Dossy-Poo, as I am calling him by now, and Marie, a part-time operator for the former KGB, is more than ready to escort me into the lavatory to search my body for contraband and stuff that we both suspect we both may have moistly secreted in or around my person, or as it turns out in this case, heirs!



ConsciousNet

At one point we are all sniffing oxygen from the gadgets that release from the ceiling for energy.

Etc.

Then by the time we are six hours over the Atlantic Ocean and the initial frenzy of sudden chemically-induced affection of lust-aloft in the friendly skies has cooled down, God damn if we don't sit around like tranquilized puppies and listen to Bobby Dos rap his Hypnotic Holy Man routine down.

This Bo Dos Dude is one High Octane Gas. Funny sense of humor of the Lenny Bruce Reformed Hin-Jew Rabbi style. Somewhere between the Sacred Ganges River and the Profane Borscht Belt, if you know what I mean.

Bom Dos explains that for the next 20 years, he, like everyone else, learned the techniques of 60's erotic engineering. Everyone running around, knickers down, brandishing sexual freedom. L.S.D. means Let's Strip Down!



Rock 'n roll 'n balling in the street. Hey, it's the biggest, good-time party in human history. Everyone suddenly discovers that the brain is this source of aesthetic-erotic pleasure! The effect is in the head.

If you know how to tune your brain, you boot-up, jack-in, and activate your IBM-neurogenetic, intro-pornographic databases beyond your wildest dreams.

But...

But there is still that little mechanical, plumbing matter of controlling the stalk of phallic flesh. Hey, we move around in our brains. Great! But why can't we count on the full cooperation of that macho-meat, blood-fueled, skin-covered, pumpo-machine known affectionately as Señor U Know Who Down There?

ConsciousNet

 TO: HOWARD HALLIS
FROM: TIMOTHY LEARY
SUBJECT: FISHING POLES?

HOWARD, I THOUGHT HUCK IS TALKING ABOUT SEXUALLY LIBERATED PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND WITH THEIR KNICKERS DOWN. AND YOU GIVE US TWO OVER-DRESSED HINDU GODS WITH A FISHING POLE?

 TO: TIMOTHY LEARY
FROM: HOWARD HALLIS
SUBJECT: RE: FISHING POLES?

THIS IS AN ILLUSTRATION REFERRING TO RAM DASS AS A REFORMED HIN-JEW RABBI, NOT THE SEXUALLY LIBERATED PEOPLE WITH NO PANTS! IT'S KRISHNA AND SHIVA DRESSED LIKE RABBIS! GET IT?

 TO: TIMOTHY LEARY, HOWARD HALLIS
FROM: SIOBHAN CYR
SUBJECT: RE: FISHING POLES?

WELL, CAN'T THEY BE RABBIS FROM THE WAIST UP?

 TO: TIMOTHY LEARY, SIOBHAN CYR
FROM: HOWARD HALLIS
SUBJECT: RE: FISHING POLES?

LET'S LET THE READERS SEX IT UP IN THEIR OWN DIRTY MINDS.



And then, as this great Pan American transatlantic airbird starts flapping its fatigued descent towards Long Island, and we sit there, strapped in seat-belts drinking coffee and Danish, I pop Swami Bobby-Poo the basic plumbing question about the temperamental column of blood.

Oh please tell me, sweet guru! With your psychedelic drugs you can design your mind for any reality you could possibly want, but does it guarantee total voluntary control of the blood-supply to the U Know What?



Tell me, Bobby Romo Doso, did Buddha, Lao Tsu, Rama Krishna, Mohammed, Jesus Christ, Martin Luther, et al have total, calm, divine control of the blood-supply to their sensitive cocks?

Well! Bobby Rom Dos goes limp on me! Granted, let's be fair, it's been a long night. An exhausting noche aloft, with jet-lag plus the energetic times Bobby Rom-Poo spent in the Men's Ware department with Bruce and especially that cute Claude.

But anyway, be that as they may, Rom Dos babbles this Reader Digest, Hindu Shit that



"it's all in your mind."

"Don't give me that rabbi-babble," I say with calm fury. It's not in my head, Ted.

It's between my leg, Peg. Either I can control it or I can't.

Don't jive me this white-guru, yogurt mind-jerk, Mr. Rom Dos.

And how about that Mohandas Ghandi, the big Hindu Scoundrel-Saint, who attained the holy sage-age of 50 and then, then started preaching total celibacy, not only for his own withered loins, but for his young sons!

Oh shit, I could cry.

Sri Rajneesh, the Oregon-Poona free-sex guru, is this jittery, skinny God, with 96 Rolls Royces, and 1000's of young bodies with no questions asked or answered. Hundreds of juicy horny devotees, legs spread. For what?

For an occasional, once a week, in-and-out, missionary-style, 15 second, ping-pong limp penetration and premature Rajneesh ejaculation!

"Hey, Bobber Dosser," I say, in this low, quiet voice that I learned as a 12 year old from this Black gangster named Big Buck, who terrorized our project in Detroit.

"All your religious pious ritual shit is cosmic and great, mate, but I am looking for the simple, fuel-regulator additive device that allows me to control the flow, Joe."

So! Back we go to square one.

HORNY MAGAZINE

GANDHI:
HORNIEST MAN OF THE YEAR!



FILE 19

I FINALLY LOCATE THE
AFRODISIAC

Okay, my brothers and sisters of Alcor. Now we come to the highly over-sensationalized events concerning my misunderstandings with the hysterically overwrought and sexually insecure staff members of the Southern California Impotency Clinic, involving the inevitable destruction of their ineffectual and pathetically primitive equipment, namely the Peter-Meter, and my unconstitutional arrest.



FROM: SUSAN SARANDON
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: CUT TO THE CHASE...

I ASSURE YOU, HUCK THE MEMBERS OF OUR QUANTUM CONVERSATION GROUP ARE MORE THAN READY TO KNOW WHAT LED TO YOUR ARREST AND COMMITMENT.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: SOULS

Okay, about two weeks ago, who should phone me but my ole thinking-drinking buddy, that Christopher Columbus of the unexplored brain, or Psyberia (as they now call the digital-universe within) Bobby Dos, with whom I confide on the air-plane from Hamburg my Lonely Quest for the Reliable Male Afrodisiac.

He confides to me many of the fascinating quirks of his own various adventures exploring



unknown dark continents of Psyberspace
never known to a white man, not to
mention this shy un-athletic Jewish boy
from Newton, Massachusetts, who loved his
mother... More on that later.

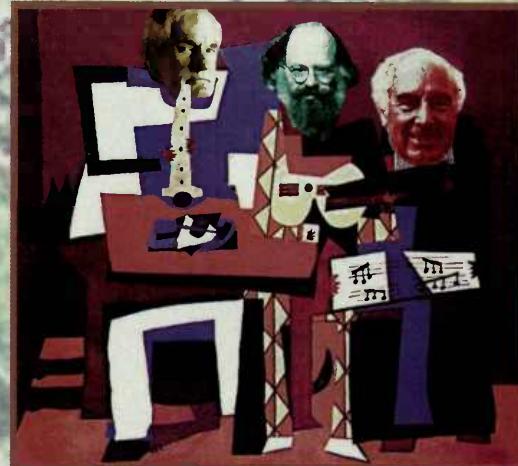
Rom is in town to give a big speech for
the Albert Hoffman Foundation. Albert
Hoffman is this genius Swiss chemist at
SANDOZ lab in Basel who invented LSD and
STP and KGB. Rom is speaking for Dr. Oz
Janiger's praiseworthy scam to raise money
for a building to house his collection of
Psychedelic Art, namely paintings done
before, during, above & below & after the Altered States sessions in the 1950's. Believe it or
not, these Hollywood artists included Cary Grant, Henry Luce, Jack Nicholson, Pablo Picasso,
Carolyn Ferris, Aileen Getty, Howard Hallis (Sexologist), Robert Williams, Suzanne Williams,

Anais Nin, Brumbaar, Jackson Pollack, Georgianne Deen,
Leonardo da Vinci, Keith Haring, and Ed Ruscha. The Andy
Warhol contribution to this legend is not relevant here.



Andy Warhole and Bobby Rom never hit it off because of
some lamentable boy-boy-spat, plus a mishap about
someone spiking speed (the Factory fuel) into the Hindu
punch one night at the Factory. Ultra Violet, and Viva and
Edie Sedgewick and this lipstick model named Marianne,
with an irresistible but stuporous fuck-me-or-I-Become-
Schizo facial expression, whom I had to bail out of the
Belmont Massachusetts Clinic for Sexual Exhaustion (caused
by Michael Hollingshead, who can tell you more about that
one -- pick up the phone and ask them if anyone is
interested. Not me, Lee.)

Amazing things happened to people in the 1960's around sexual excess. Like, how are they
gonna go back to the farm and marry the guy next door in Kansas after fucking for seven or
eight hours straight beyond imagination under the influence of afrodisiac drugs beyond
imagination in Andy's loft. No wonder they all became born-again Christians. Viva Superstar,





Ultra-Violet, Sarah Woodruff, Babs Blum, from Toronto. After fucking under the influence for many hours, where do you go but in the arms of Jesus? Of which I was 20 years too soon to know.

But that's a story for another dinner party, as Barbara Fouch Roseboro would elegantly murmur.

There is no doubt, however, that weird head trips happened round Andy of which he was guilty only of omission. Who can knock a voyeur, after all. All photographers are voyeurs. Helmut Newton for example, is the last one in a glass house to throw bones!



Anyway, Bobby Rom is planning a dinner with this cute unit by the name of Vic (known to intimate friends as Vicki), who practices (I love that word) at the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute. And here comes the old pitch: "Hey Huck, can you get us a good table at a hot restaurant where they can ogle celebrities while eye-balling each other?" Vicki would like to see Liza Minelli, Cher, Harrison Ford, Michael Caine. Rock Hudson He would be out at Malibu swilling margueritas with his live-in lover.)

Guess where they want to go? Chasen's, Spago, Morton's or the new steamer club in his fantasy mind?

So, okay. I pick them up at the Chateau Marmont. They are in Suite 39, right above Helmut and June Newton. I could write another scientific treatise on afrodisiacs, before during & under in Room 39, but not now.

In the parking lot at Morton's the valet parkers, Jose Cacao and Mario Gonzales come around while I point out the planets and the easily apparent zodiac constellations. Next time you're at Morton's, smog permitting, take a moment to look up and check the southern sky. Planets outside and stars inside, as the old Jose joke goes.





ConsciousNet



FROM: HOWARD HALLIS

TO: HUCK-STERS

SUBJ: EXTRA ART

Hey, gang! What is this photo that you stuck in here?

FROM: SIOBHAN

TO: HOWARD HALLIS

SUBJ: RE: EXTRA ART

Well, you see, it was an act of despair. We needed a graphic for this page, and you were hot rodding around Europe. So we looked to Robert Williams, who never lets us down. Lisa & Bryan scanned it in.





As you know the meat ovens and serving counter are right there in the entrance of Morton's, and the chefs, Bruce, Trini Duran, and Roberto de la Cruz are blood-brother cousins of mine, so when they see me they shout, "Yo, Huck" and rub their hands on aprons and we throw palms at each other indulging in some of that down-home yay-bo negro-latino shit that sometimes makes white men nervous. So who cares?

As we enter the dining room, Rick Cicetti, the maitre D', flashes me a conspiratorial smile and wink. Then comes the ritual entrance dance, waving at the seated diners, hugging and wise cracking "hello-there, darling." Ritual stuff. Half of them know me, half think I am Michael Jackson, and the other half is never sure. So what's the difference? You know this scene.

So we sit down, and then the waiters—Jack Martin, Doug Murch, Roger Mexico, Skip Osborne, come by so I can check out their health, mood, and general state of sobriety.

Although they are all white men, they like the idea that a black man, namely me, can pull this scene off (so far at least), and we have all done mutual little under-the-table favors for each other at one time or another, generally speaking, about which I am not at liberty to divulge.

THINGS
TO
EAT

Peter Morton is a sports nut and he selects his waiters the way Pat Riley drafts the Lakers. They all wear K-Swiss athletic shoes, which Helmut Newton orders by the dozen because he can't buy them in Monaco in spite of the presence of Karl Lagerfeld and Princess Caroline! Whoohoo!

Then I check the paintings. Peter Morton has been known to do some peculiar things with paintings he makes friends with, not to mention their painters. In this case the Francis Bacon stands proudly, but the Ed Ruscha with the words "GOOD EATING" is mysteriously gone.

While making small talk I ask Dr. Vicki what's new in the medicine racket and she babbles about cancer and the chemical basis of



depression and obsessive-compulsive neurosis, of which even I could have told you all about. Anyway, then I idly pop my favorite question about does anything happen to be new in the afrodisiac department?

Yo! Dr. Vicki lets slip that a break-through in the erection division was close at hand. Seems there's this Stanford University research team developing a pill that gives immediate control of erections! They call it yohimbine!

Yo yohimbine!

First in laboratory mice. What a picture. Hundreds of little furry creatures some white, some black, some polka dot, running around the cages with big red yohimbine erections trying to stick each other frantic regardless of sex, species, or color.



As for human beings, they started yohimbine with the most desperate cases, namely the geriatric patients such that these old koots are furiously rolling their wheel chairs around the ward chasing nurses lifting up their skirts with their canes, withered old cocks suddenly springing up in pink impudence regardless of race, creed, or sexual persuasion!

Yo Bo! Yo Ho! Yohimbine!

Can you possibly guess my reaction? My little hot hand held up beseeching. When? Where? How much? Donde? Por favor.

Dr. Vicki gets a bit defensive at this point. I can read Hir mind, if any. Understandably, the Professor does not want some flako dope-crazed, Hacker (however cute & fuckable she seems to think I am) phoning the Stanford Clinic at midnight as though it were a crack house.

I finally get hir to admit, confess, and divulge about this local group, The Southern California Sexual Dysfunction Center, who is giving these new yohimbine pills to research subjects.



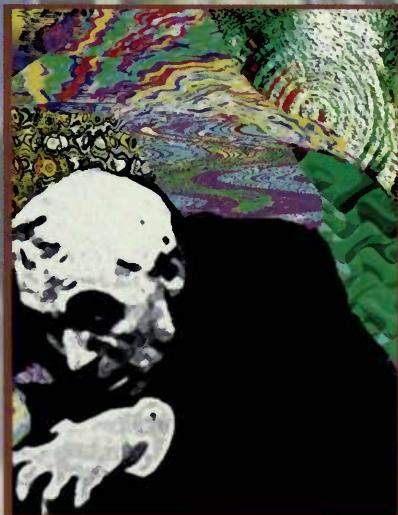
FILE 20

A FATEFUL VISIT TO THE PETER-METER CLINIC



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: REVELATIONS

The clinic is next door to the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. I am there at the crack of dawn: 11 am to be precise. I am mildly shaking with anticipation. And, to be completely honest, my agitated condition is also due to this rocket-launcher pill, which was medically indicated by the fact of severe insomnia the night before.



There is in this large waiting room about eight **very old men sitting slumped over**, staring glumly at the carpet. Two of these limp dick geezers are on crutches. A couple were drooling. In desperate need of yohimbine, in my opinion. Not an erotic spectacle.

The plain-looking, no-nonsense nurse greets me impersonally through the window and asks me to fill out some forms real business like. Not one flirtatious bone in her body as far as I could detect.

I explain that I am an official of the Alcor-Cryocare Foundation and am here to discuss research on yohimbine with the doctor.



FROM: SIOBHAN
TO: HOWARD HALLIS
SUBJ: GEEZERS

Howard. We are dealing with eight old limp dick geezers. And you give us a horror picture of a menacing Dracula.



FROM: HOWARD HALLIS
TO: HUCK-STERS
SUBJ: EXTRA ART

OK, I HOPE THESE OLD GUYS DON'T KEEP YOU UP AT NIGHT.....





SHe nods business-like and repeats would I please fill out the forms.

Which I do.

After a while, a male technician, about 40, reeking non-sexuality, with the graceful charm of a pot-bellied hair-dresser, asks me to come to a back room. I explain that I want to discuss yohimbine research with the doctor. He nods business-like and asks me to take some tests.



At this point I sense a complete lack of cooperation and sensitivity and plain normal horniness upon the part of these people who are allegedly in business to help people get erections. Figure it out. If these bozos really do possess the key to sexual prowess how come they are not taking it! How come they are not bounding around radiating euphoric satisfaction and feeling everyone up with smiles and eyes, at the very least?

My street-smart double sense smells a scam here. Like Bobby Rom Dos told me so often. Never buy drugs from anyone who does not exhibit the quality-attitude-energy which you seek from hir wares.



I have this irresistible impulse to take my compliant downcast Dr. Winky in hand and split, but curiosity spills the cat once again and I decide to play journalist plus a wounded victim on the frontiers of medical science. No way am I going to get these yohimbine pills without the tests, scientifically speaking.

So I let them stick me for blood and I pee in the bottle. So far so fair.

But then come the mad-scientist stuff. The technicians patiently explains like I am this child with dirty diaper that we had to find out if there was a strong and steady flow of blood to my Johnson. I watch their ole queen eyes as I unzip my knickers and pull out Monsieur XXX.

They reached down and wired the tip of my unit, the base of my cock, and an artery in my leg to a sound amplifier, and we sat back to listen. I shit you not!

Boom! Boom! Boom! My genital bloodstream filled



the room with its strong pulse, sounding like Poncho Pilate and His Nail Driving Five down there beating out a heavy-metal rhythm section or wild voodoo orgy crew. Bang on the rod, steward.

Even the technician nods in approval.

Next he has me jog in place, my unit still wired for sound. The noise



really took off. Boom! Boom! Boom!

I keep explaining that I had regular, although unpredictable erections. My attitude is clear. Just hand me the pill, Phil. Cut me some slack, Jack. Slide me a fix Tom Mix.

The technician is not gonna argue. "Tell it to the Doctor," says he.

The doctor is very cordial. He evades my questions about yohimbine. He explains how I should keep in mind how complicated this field was, for example. The brain, the hormones, the circulatory system, phobias, repressions, for more examples. Venereal diseases, alcohol

and drug abuse, fatigue, overwork, marital discord, early traumas, fetishes, anxieties, and menopausal life stages all play an important part. To all of which, it occurs to me, I must plead guilty.



I tell you, this know-it-all-loud mouth dude makes Motor Mouth Terry seem tongue-tied.

At this point it begins to dawn on me that this clinic, supposedly set up to deal with sexual arousal, is actually the most antiseptic, mechanical, unerotic place ever! I can feel my carefully hoarded reservoir of sexual desire draining

away.

Sheet! If I didn't have an erection problem before, I am in certain danger of catching one here!

I feel like the steamy, horny starlet, who in her natural ambition to get a part, happily fucked and sucked everyone from Lowly Writer up to Director and Producer and the inevitable Money Guy from Hong Kong and then ends up on location in this disease-ridden village in a Congo jungle. "Who," SHE says to one and all on the set, "what I am thinking

now? "Who do I have to fuck to get out of this disease-ridden potency clinic?"

If you catch my drift.

The doctor is relentless. He insists that I take the erection-frequency test.

This a complicated electric gadget you take home and wire up your Bronson before you sleep to measure the amount and strength of nocturnal hard-ons.

I explain patiently that I have them all the time.

It's just not always dependable at the right times.

THE A923 PETER METER
The finest and most advanced hard-on detector on the planet is now available in its newest model! Call your dealer today!



"Listen. Just phone my lover who takes readings every night. Before, during, and after my sleep."



FILE 21

OUTFITTED WITH THE PETER-METER



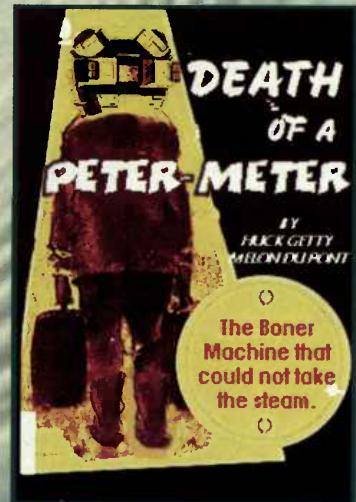
FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON YON SCHLEBRUGGE
 TO: ALL
 SUBJ: FURTHER ADVENTURES

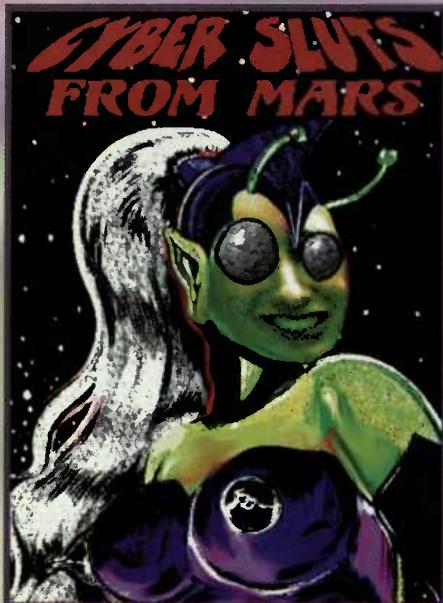
The male (!) nurse comes in lugging the peter-meter, stored for travel in a large suitcase. All the old yohimbine-starved geezers in the waiting room look up, sneering sadly as I bounce by with the case full of shame and embarrassment.

My lover, Shelly, is eagerly awaiting when I tromp in, carrying the suitcase like some Death of the Salesman Willy Loman, feeling sheepish.

She starts begging, needless to say, for me to lay the Y-pill on hir. When I explain the peter-meter SHE becomes intrigued out of hir fucking mind. Needless to say, SHE can't wait to try it.

We rush to the bedroom and set to work like mad engineers propping it up on a chair by the side of the bed. Adjusting velcro straps, plugging in wires hooked to dials, clocks, and meters, meanwhile Shelly pulling my pants down, giggling and breathing heavily. SHE attaches the electrodes to my Lighthouse for the Deaf, turns on the appliance and everything suddenly





becomes absolutely bizarro science-fiction kinky. Like some Larry Flynt porno-flic called "["Cyber Sluts from Mars,"](#)" and exactly at that inopportune moment this mad entity, known as Dr. Winky wakes up from his slumber and springs to life. In other words there's this enormous erection!

Shelly applauds.

"Hurray for science!" says SHe. "This gadget is wonderful! I want one!"

Shelly's curly red head meanwhile is now bobbing up and down over the experimental zone like some crazed parrot, meanwhile SHe is moaning and slurping, "Oooh! Yummml! Oooh!"

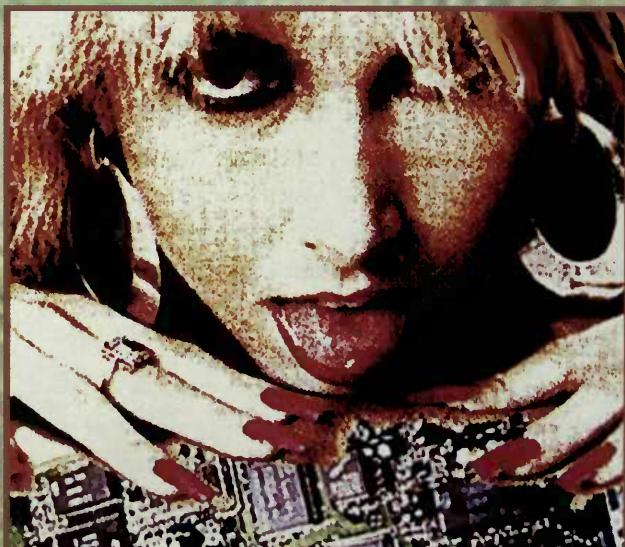
"Hey, look out," I'm shouting. "You'll ruin the experiment."

The machine is humming and beeping, red dials flashing, beeping over Shelly's muffled slurping. "Fabulous."

"Hey," I can hardly concentrate, needless to say, but I keep some cool and remember: "Hey! Everything we're doing is being recorded!"

Shelly pulls hir head up cheerful, perky dazed smile and repeats, "[Hurray for science!](#)"

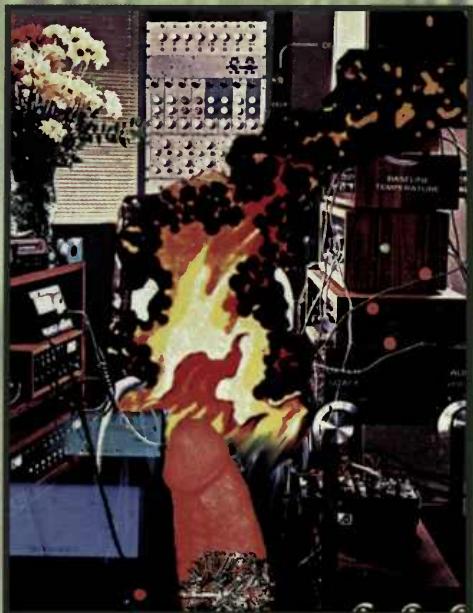
Well, then we get carried away. Hey, I admit it. I clean forgot the peter-meter was meant to record blood flow while sleeping.





Fat chance.

So the machine is going crazy. Wires pulling off every which way. A cable apparently short-circuits. The phone starts ringing, too, which seems to produce pulsating electric tingle-shocks. Shelly, now that I think about it, is feeling the electrix too and begins twitching, squirming in these convulsive spasms which in turn increases the Richter scale quaking on the part of yours truly.



Well, you can read my mind from here on. We somehow knock the machine clear off the chair onto the floor, causing this last gasp charge, and the clock motor heaves this buzzing sigh and stops. All the meters were flashing angry red flickers, motors whining. Then it groaned and died.

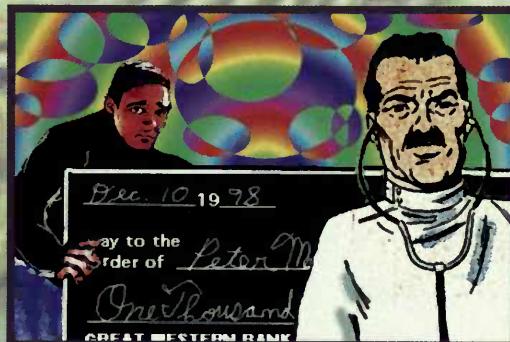
"In-fucking-credible," says Shelly.

"Fabulous," says I.

"Forget whips and chains," gasps Shelly. "Forget vibrators and electric dildos. They should sell these in the Pleasure Chest."

Needless to say we try our best to repair the peter-meter and even call an electrician who turns out to be a born-again Christian fag-basher type, you know, with not one grain of humor, who is pissed enough about making a Sunday call, and who takes one look at the admittedly sordid situation and walks out on us. No professional code there, apparently.

Monday morning when I walk through the office and the old men look up at me with pity carrying the destroyed gadget, I feel very guilty. I try to explain what had happened to the technician. He gives me a stern look. I offer to pay for it. They figure out the bill and I write a check for \$1750. No





problem. Tax deductible for scientific research.

When I ask about the yohimbine pill, they make an appointment for me to see the doctor.

When I asked politely that they loan me another peter-meter to complete the research, this old nurse-queen flatly and rudely refuses, in spite of some really passionate begging which would have moved anyone with a heart anything less than stone.

So much for their commitment to science and control experimentation, I pointed out to them in no uncertain terms.

I must report for the sake of science that I had a precipitous come-down. I'm not talking about the red welts on Señor X. I'm talking about a certain deep depression and suicidal compulsion to throw myself out the window due to the terrifying realization that I'm a powerless pawn, a passive, helpless victim, of a merciless band of sadistic torturers with no escape. But I'm only on the ground floor window.



FILE 22

MENGELE LIVES! I UNCOVER THIS NEST OF MEDICAL EVIL!



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: ALL
SUBJ: FURTHER ADVENTURES

So, when I return to the Clinic for my pills, full of naive hope, I am, frankly, not in the best shape of my life.



By this time old men in the waiting room had turned into really malevolent, evil creatures, which you would expect from people who spend all their time sitting around this hell-hole drooling and laughing silently at sincere patients.

At best!



The receptionist behind the window was clearly in on the plot! She looked at me with unconcealed fear and loathing. Siting behind hir I notice, nothing escapes my vigilance at these moments, these muscular, male nurses looking like thugs in white coats.



They escort me pronto to the doctor's office. He is sitting stiffly behind this large desk. No cooperation at all. Forget the Hypocritic Oath, once again. I well know these types of Medical Terrorists who get their degrees at the University of Berlin 1936, The Mengele Institute, The University of Beirut, The Khadafi Institute in Libya, The Pavlov Institute in Leningrad, or Skinner's Behaviorist Lab in Cambridge, in flagrant violation of the Nuremberg Code, if you know what I mean.

We make some evasive small talk about how I feel and when I come straight to the point and request that he hand over some yohimbine he flatly refuses. Much double-talk about how it's still just a research substance, and gradually his position becomes painfully clear. If you have a circulatory problem then whammo -- they can treat you by normal medicine. If you don't have a circulatory problem (here he actually clears his throat), which clearly you do not have as we can see from the destroyed equipment, then your penile control and enhancement program is to be handled by a shrink (or your rabbi, priest or minister).

Meanwhile he's making slurs about the dangers of dosing disturbed patients, implying me, and asking impertinent questions about my being under medication and asking for the name of the doctor who prescribes my medication.

All this, by the way in front of the muscular nurse in the white coat. So much for medical privacy and the sanctity of the doctor-patient relationship!

Okay. So far so fair. I can manage to control my growing exasperation by this unethical treatment, refusing therapy to a patient whose need is obvious.

So I change track in mid-stream and in the most reasonable way ask if I can purchase a peter-meter to continue the research at home. So to speak.

ConsciousNet

TO: HOWARD HALLIS
FROM: TIMOTHY LEARY
SUBJECT: NURSE OEDIPUS

My Dear Howard, What about your obsession with cross-dressing? This nurse is pretty cute for a "muscular male thug"!

TO: TIMOTHY LEARY
FROM: HOWARD HALLIS
SUBJECT: RE: THE MEANING OF THUG

Sorry about that. I guess my nurse fantasies involve cute ladies dealing cute drugs.





Believe it or not, he flat out refuses. In spite of my waving my check-book in his face and reminding him I am already in the sack for \$1700 for the broken one, offering again to purchase a new one. Even at double the retail price.

No way.

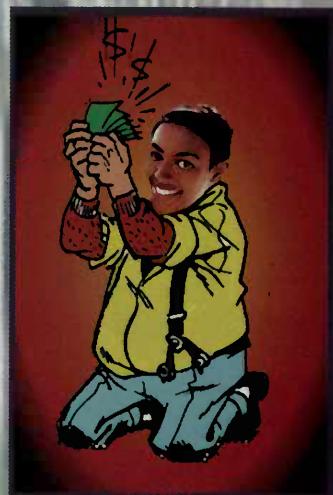
At this point it is painfully obvious that this Dr. Herb Kelman has totally abandoned all professional principles. He hates me! The muscular male nurse likewise.

Put yourself in my place. Here's a helpless patient in distress and the entire clinic is turning on me like Dr. Mengele with pitiless hatred.

Suddenly, it all snaps into place. This entire clinic is this nest of conspiratorial horror. Money-snatching vultures.

As David Bowie told me while pledging total eternal love in his trailer on the set of Tony Scott's "Hunger," faithless bitch, "Don't look at the carpet. It's got something awful on it!"

That's the perfect metaphor for the Southern California Sexual Dysfunction Clinic .



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT

TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

SUBJ: RELAXATION

HUCK, WE UNDERSTAND THIS IS DIFFICULT MATERIAL FOR YOU TO DISCUSS, PARTICULARLY IN THE DELIGHTFUL CHAOTICS YOU HAVE DESIGNED. WE ARE GOING TO GO OFF LINE TO CALM OURSELVES DOWN. WE SUGGEST YOU DO THE SAME. OKAY?

HUCK: REMEMBER OUR CONTRACT. COUNT DOWN TO ORDER THREE! TWO! ONE! ZEEEEEEEEEEEP! CYBERCLEAR! OKAY?



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

TO: ALL

SUBJ: FURTHER ADVENTURES

Yeah. Thanks for the PsychoNeurological Heimlich Maneuver. I'll take the pills that the nurse left me. Talk later.

FILE 23

CAPTURED BY THE
RUTHLESS DEATH TECHS

FROM: RICHARD ALPERT
TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
SUBJ: LEGAL COUNSEL

HUCK, WE UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO DISCUSS THESE MATTERS. HOWEVER, REMEMBER, WE HAVE ASSEMBLED THE GREATES TEAM OF CRIMINAL LAWYERS OF ALL TIME.



ROBERT SHAPIRO (BRANDO, WOODY ALLEN, O.J.)

CLARENCE DARROW (SCOPES, WOODY ALLEN)

ALAN DERSHOWITZ (VON BULOW, O.J.)

F. LEE. BAILEY (NIXON, PETE ROSE, WOODY ALLEN)

WM. KUNTSLER (CHICAGO 7, TEXAS TOWER GUNMAN)

LENNY WEINGLASS (ABbie HOFFMAN, ANGELA DAVIS)

THESE ALL-STAR CELEBRITY LAWYERS SAY THAT THEY

CANNOT GET YOU RELEASED UNTIL YOU FINISH YOUR DEPOSITION.



FROM: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE
TO: WHOEVER
SUBJ: PERSECUTED

Yes sir. You bet.

The Root of the Matter, as you well know, is this: I simply cannot tolerate ugliness, physical or emotional.

At any and all costs.

I simply crumble, stumble, explode, flip out when confronted with disapproval, which I interpret as hostility.

Towards me, that is.

Why should I passively accept disapproval? Can anyone explain that?

Now. Let's be scientists. In this notorious, shameful, sordid and felonious scene at the Southern California Sexual Dysfunction Clinic, I find myself surrounded by people who are openly, blatantly, not attractive and deeply unhappy.

We're talking serious, frowning faces, furrowed brows, with mouths pursed like the sphincter muscles of buzzards, vultures, turkeys, or hens, and red eyes flashing with rage.





And, at who are they frowning?

At me, Huck! The author of record!

Oh yes, I know!

Granted!

Yes! I provoked this evil response.

Yes! I am the guilty trigger mechanism to detonate this holocaust of anger.

Yes, blame the victim.

But so what!

Well, am I not the victim here?

Are they not the so-called medical experts? Are they not well over-paid to minister compassion to unfortunates like myself who suffer, as far as they know, from the most painful, unendurable, excruciating wound known to modern medicine?

And even if I am not really so crippled, even if I am malingering and fabricating painful symptoms of impotency in order to get the pill, the very fact that I throw myself on their mercy pretending to need help, is even more needy.

Why am I, right at this very moment, excusing them, of all people, for their carnivorous anger towards a helpless patient when I am fucking over-paying them? Along with other long-suffering taxpayers, most of whom, believe me, Steve, are equally suffering from some form of real or imagined sexual dysfunction.

Is this not a classic "cry for help"?

I know. I know. You wonder what really happened.

Well, what happened is too terrible. Right before my eyes, their faces melt into cold lizard snouts, vulture beaks, sharp buzzard bills, ravenous shark eyes glaring at me, poised

to move in for purposes of sexual molestation and the kill.

Kill!

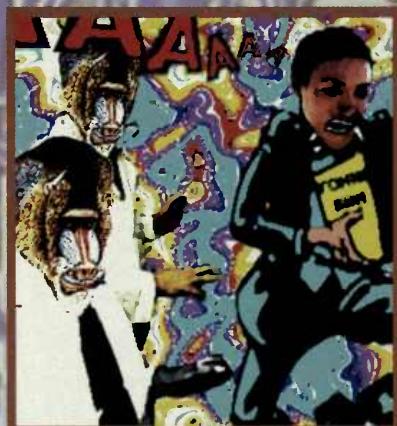
You have heard of YADIS, Yast Active Destructive Intelligent Systems? They are real! They exist! Destructive androids with snake faces who get erotic kicks from melting into plastic, dread machinery to perform unspeakables on humans.

Suddenly I remember whom they barefacedly admit to be. Staff members of a Sexual Dysfunction Clinic. Dysfunction! Hey, they ain't kidding! I have dealt with these bozos before, and you have to, know it or not. They are basically batwinged, demon princesses dropping down from the sky to sexually molest, abuse, and torment me (and you too!) with sharp beaks and fellatiosexual shark mouths.

Okay. I see your bleeps on my screen to receive your E-Mail. I know that you want to cut to the chase.

It is spooky times like Be-Here-Now that one must recall how to get out back to Be-There-Then. Really. And going fast.

And thanks a lot, Bobby Rom Dos.



So, what would you do if you were trapped Be-Here-Then with me?

I thought so.

Be honest. You would run screaming, frankly and honestly into the waiting room where the old geezers sit in the YADIS waiting room. I suddenly understand with a spasm of panicked affection that these senile patients from hell are actually young boys and girls



like me who have been deliberately aged and sucked down into this vampire VADIS swamp, for whom I intend to provide explanation and ask for help.

In my loudest voice.

The bat-winged crew in white-coats, needless to say, flap after me, wringing their talons and shrieking, as you can imagine.

They bark, bellow, blare, howl threats about calling the police.

Police! Yeah! What a great idea!

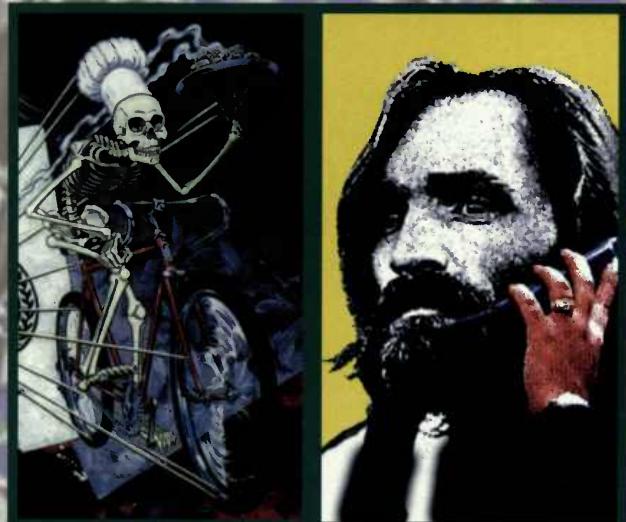
So I leap past them, back into the Clinic, run down a hallway to Dr. Herbert Kelman's office, lock the door and dial the emergency number which I have needless to say memorized. 911.

911.

My first 911 call was delayed. When the police dispatcher finally answers I calmly explain the situation. And guess whose side the police take? They insist on talking to Dr. Kelman.

Yeah. Sure. The Police get a desperate call from Sharon Tate and they ask to speak to the man in charge, namely Charlie Manson. Who, by the way, used to boast to me that he never paid a dime in taxes in his life, so don't blame him for police brutality. Or the arms race. So says Charlie Manson.

Well, to grasp the flighty attention of these business-as-usual police officers and bring them back to their sense of duty, I warn them that I just happen to have a nuclear device lent to me by the PLO in orbit over Beverly Hills.



So I take off like a half-back running for safety down to Dr Kelman's end zone.

By this time the staff of the S.C.S.D.C. is banging with their beaks, claws, and fanged paws on the door. I did warn them of my rights and make some silly threats just to have them cease and desist from breaking and entering my sanctuary, understandably.



And while waiting for the U.S. Marines to arrive, I did, admittedly, idly check through Dr. Kelman's pharmaceutical collection. Hey, let's be realistic. It was not for kicks and recreational highs, but for

therapeutic purposes only, and I did only ingest only a few downers to quiet my nerves and a bunch of other pills on the hope that they might be yohimbine.

Then, eight police officers smashed open the door and tackled me. I am no longer Sly Stallone on steroids. I become Madonna being tackled with unnecessary roughness by the entire front end of the Oakland Raiders.

I am ashamed to say that I went nerd, limp, a powerless victim of this police cluster-fuck.

They dragged me without a warrant down the corridor, illegally up an elevator, into an isolation room in the Funny Firm where they tied me to a bed, unbreakable straps binding my weak limps. Talk about unconstitutional impotence!

Two male nurses enter carrying a syringe. A little prick. As this chemical warfare device penetrates my skin, a cool ice sweeps over me, rivers of endless Arctic Oceans carrying lofty icebergs from some distant, polar plateau. Rivers, multi-colored streams, teeming with neon hallucinations.

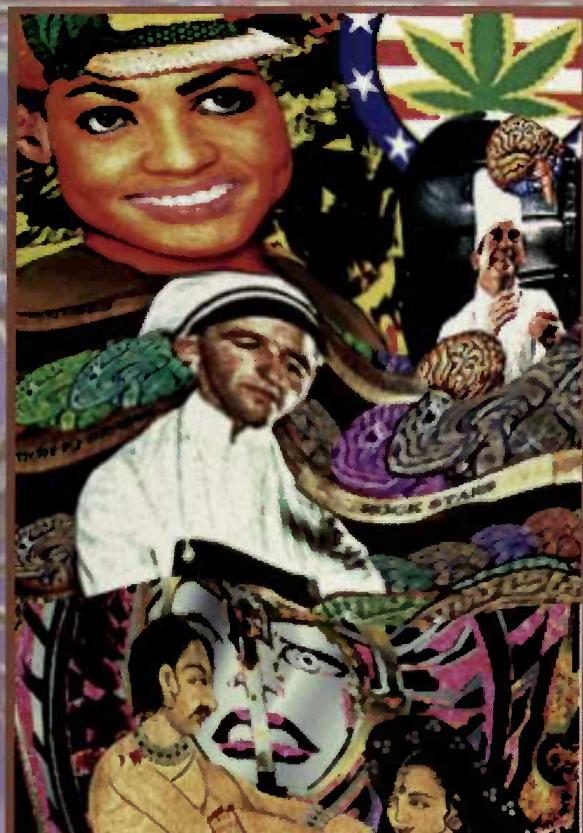
I grow hysterical.

What is this shit? What dangerous drugs do you ply me with, sister?

He replies, "Haldol. A tranquilizer. It will calm you down."

"You can't do this," I scream in vein as the door slams shut behind.

ConsciousNet



"Have a nice daze," whispers John Belushi.

Then comes light and fire and I slide though space and time into some wonderful...convulsions! The rest of my imprisonment at this Funny Firm I have informed you.



FROM: RICHARD ALPERT

TO: HUCK GETTY MELLON VON SCHLEBRUGGE

SUBJ: NOT GOODBYE

THANKS, HUCK WE DID NOT WANT TO HURRY YOUR HOSPITAL TREATMENT, BUT WE DO HAVE A BIG PROJECT COMING UP, FOR WHICH YOUR EFFORTS ARE MUCH NEEDED. YOU WILL BE HOME SOON.

And, meanwhile, where is Amnesty International after all the benefit concerts I have attended (or performed for them).

Time passes. Countless hours.

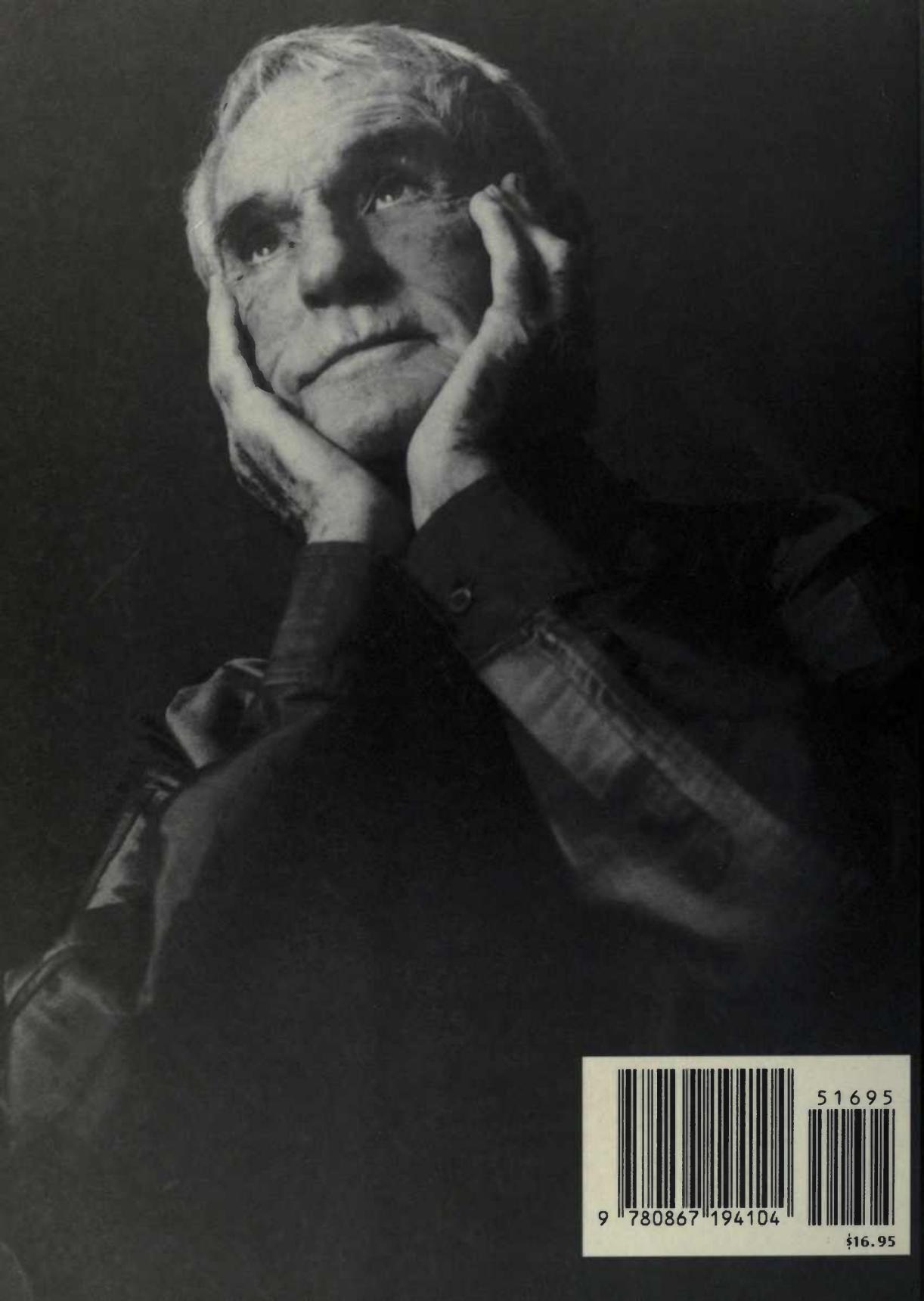
And then there is a shadow in the little grating in the door. And despite my clouded hallucinations, the forms become Danny Sugerman, the notorious gonzo journalist, my God Mother, elegant, funny Fawn Hall, Abby Hoffman, and Marilyn Monroe, Cary Grant, John Belushi, and Bobby Rom Dos. Rescue is at hand!

"Relax kid," they say. "No more tranqs. We are injecting you with the most pure, powerful afrodisiac known. Overdose, in fact."

"Enjoy," murmured Marilyn Monroe.

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